

# Leslie's Weekly

EMBER 26, 1921

"News That Makes Us Think"

PRICE 15 CENTS



News  
Fiction  
Pictures

*Painted by JAMES CALVERT SMITH*  
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# William Allen White



Good news, folks!

*good news—*

William Allen White  
every week  
in **JUDGE!**

Didn't we tell you—  
good news?

Yes, every week  
he's going to write  
the Editorials.

Not seriously, oh, no!

Not on your **JUDGE**.

He says:

"I'm eager to do  
the **JUDGE** thing  
because  
it will get me out  
of political discussion  
into

a rather festive  
and hilarious  
discussion of life,  
society and manners,  
touching politics  
only satirically  
and lightly."

And that's not all—

No, sir!

Every little while,  
in addition,  
he's going to do  
some humorous fiction!

The first of his articles  
is in—we've read it,  
it's great! You'll say so.  
It's in our current issue.

*Do it now!*

*WA White*

# JUDGE

# Leslie's Weekly

Nov. 26, 1921

\$7.00 a Year

15c a Copy

*The Oldest Illustrated Weekly Newspaper in the United States*

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 8th, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly and copyrighted 1921 by the Leslie-Judge Co., William Green, Pres.; Douglas H. Cooke, Vice-Pres.; E. J. McDonnell, Treas.; W. D. Green, Secretary; 627 West 43rd Street, New York City

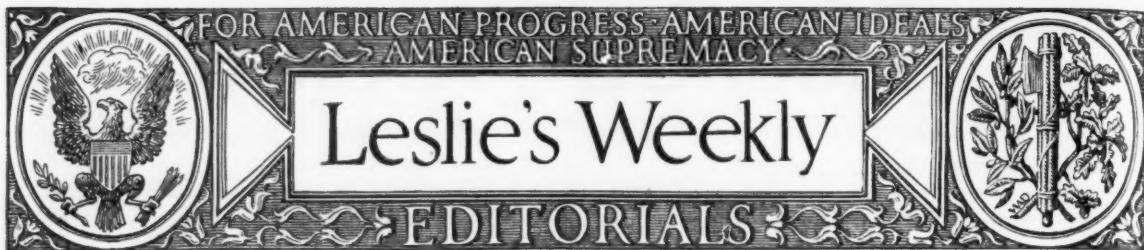


BYRON HARMON

## Safe—Despite the Opening of the Hunting Season!

Scientific gentlemen with academic vocabularies call this grand old fellow a "member of the genus *Alces*." Ordinary folk refer to him as a moose, and let it go at that. Not long ago he and his relatives were in danger of extermination; but, thanks to the passage in 1915 of various protective

laws, to-day he is as safe under the Stars and Stripes as though he were in a circus—except in the national moose preserve of 900,000 acres in Minnesota where there is still a brief open season. Unlike the buffalo, his descendants will live long and prosper through many a long hunting season to come.



### *As the Japanese See Us*

BECAUSE it is well to understand the other fellow's point of view, LESLIE's in this issue prints an article by Adachi Kinnosuke, American correspondent of the *Tokio Jiji*. This article presents in no uncertain terms the reactions of the Japanese public to our foreign policy, in the Orient and elsewhere. To what extent such opinion is the result of Government propaganda cannot be stated. Nevertheless it does exist.

Is it justified? The idea seems preposterous, and yet the Japanese talk of the "capitalistic imperialism of the United States" as if the phrase fitted us like the paper on the wall. And history abets them with certain confirmatory incidents, as Mr. Adachi points out. We know they are doing us an injustice, which we seem helpless to prevent.

Well, we can, and do, talk of them in the same way, with the help of history. And they protest. Is it barely possible that the injustice is mutual?

### *The Formidable Jitney*

PEOPLE have laughed at the jitney and talked vaguely of a time when the automobile might make the old-fashioned railway hustle, but in many parts of the more mountainous and inaccessible West this has already happened and the jitney is no laughing matter.

The fight between the municipal car line and the jitney busses in Seattle seems likely to be carried to the United States Supreme Court. All along the Pacific Coast the spread of concrete or oiled highways keeps cutting into the passenger traffic of the less mobile and often less convenient railroad.

The traffic manager of an interurban railway operating from Spokane, Wash., recently testified that one of their lines carried 300 less passengers a day than a year ago, and another 400 less. The busses had arranged their schedules so that they left just ahead of the interurban trains and had put their stations at the doors of the interurban depots. "If we had the patronage that is going to the busses," he said, in protesting against the granting of bus permits, "we should be on a paying basis."

At the same hearing, a representative of the Great Northern stated that "if motor bus transportation is allowed to continue unrestricted, the company will have no alternative but to diminish service. . . . The cost of operation of the Bonners Ferry local is \$2.98 per mile or approximately \$300 a day. Our average revenue in June was about \$160 a day, or a daily loss of \$140." The monthly decrease in passengers on the great Northern's Spokane-Newport branch, "because of motor bus competition," was sometimes more than 500.

Meanwhile farmers in the same western neighborhoods find freight rates so high that they have no profit left after their bulkier produce is shipped to

market. A lot of factors enter into this muddle, but it seems plain, at least, that expenses must be cut down somewhere along the railroad line.

### *The Great Shirt Mystery*

AMONG the curiosities of our urban landscape are the haberdasheries which are just about to move away, or fail, or go out of business. As long as the memory of man runneth, from their windows, blossoming with shirts of all colors, has flashed that same categorical imperative: "Must Move Out At Once"—"Must Raise Money At Once"—"It's All Over, Our Loss Is Your Gain"—and so on.

And yet they persist, and nothing seems more permanent! You go away—to Europe, the Andes, the South Pole. Wars rage, empires rise and fall. You return to find friends disappeared, old bachelors married, the old house replaced by some towering hotel, but there, in this apparently unstable and dissolving world, stand these Gibraltars of trade—"going at once!"

What is there in the nature of a shirt—seemingly so sober, settled and domesticated a bit of civilized life—which lends itself to this apparently breathless manner of vending? Perhaps the explanation lies not in the shirt, but in a mere fashion, which starts somehow, none knows why, like the big headlines in the San Francisco papers, with the result that in that interesting town you will find men of parts and of solid culture editing newspapers which look as if they were written by delirious highwaymen!

### *A Word for the Politician*

IN polite circles the typical politician is generally disdained. Eyebrows are gently raised and thumbs quickly lowered, when the hand-shaking, babying aspirant for popular favor is introduced.

And yet there is this much to be said for the politician. He knows the people. He knows what they want. And his familiar methods, offensive as they are to the discriminating, remain legal tender to the rank and file.

The American people, as a whole, like a certain amount of bunk, even though they know it is bunk. They expect it. If it is not forthcoming, their suspicions are immediately aroused. The too self-respecting candidate for office immediately risks the damning title of "high brow"—somehow, some way unfamiliar and exclusive.

So one comes to this conclusion:

The efficient gentleman who isn't a politician is of no more practical value to the State, as far as public service is concerned, than the typical politician who isn't efficient.

The obvious remedy is either to inject efficiency into the typical politician, or—what is less difficult—educate the efficient citizen to appreciate the necessity of mastering the politician's game.

# DEATH AND DESOLATION

By PAXTON HIBBEN, F. R. G. S.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The reader of this article should be warned in advance that Mr. Hibben's picture of conditions in Armenia is hideous in the extreme. Nothing that has come out of Russia can compare with it. But if such things can be, then we ought to know the truth. Those who are not afraid of the truth will get it here in all its naked rigor. Those who would spare their own feelings should read no further.*)

**B**EFORE I left Constantinople to come into Anatolia and Transcaucasia, Admiral Bristol, the United States High Commissioner to Turkey, sent for me. He said:

"I want you to be fair to the Turk. Just tell all the truth, without prejudice one way or the other, and it will be all right."

So I said I would. And what I have written is just a plain, simple statement of all the truth. I have nothing whatever against the Turk, myself. These are the facts. Draw your own conclusions.

\* \* \* \*

When I stepped off the train at Alexandropol, Armenia, once a vast Russian garrison town housing 90,000 soldiers, and the most important railway junction of Transcaucasia, through which Persia, Turkey and Russia are all three connected by rail, I had to push my way through a crowd of refugees lining the platform of the station. There were among them hundreds of children quite naked, who clawed at my clothes and begged for bread, not in the sing-song of the professional child-beggar of the streets of Eastern cities, but with a desperate insistence, a sort of sobbing, half-mad chatter, with the words "hunger" and "bread" tumbling over one another, with no sense in it all.

The grown people were silent, staring ahead of them with vacant eyes. What they wore was not clothing, but rags pieced together with



These are the ruins of the house in Akh Boolag, where 400 men were burned to death by the Turks.

bits of old sacking, disintegrating remnants of sheepskin and odds and ends like the filthy trove of garbage cans and back lots. And with that, they were half naked, barefoot, and with their unkempt hair and incredible emaciation, they seemed specters from some drawing by Gustave Doré.

As I made my way through the crowd of these unmoving, hopeless people, tugged at by children's hands, I could not take my eyes off one figure standing in the station doorway, holding to the jamb with clawing hands and swaying perilously. His face had that unreal waxen consistency of the face of a dead

man in a coffin. I had watched him creep up to a standing posture by holding to the door, and now as he seemed about to try to walk I wanted to shout to him that he could not make it.

He only took two steps, and fell headlong, slithering down to the platform through the close-packed crowd. When they picked him up he was dead. I asked a soldier of the Red Guard what had been the matter with the man. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Starvation," he said.

As I walked through the dim hallway of the station, I could scarcely make my way for the women and children huddled in heaps on the floor, lying all piled together, listless and uncaring whether they were stepped on or not. One woman sat, stolid, her back against the wall, a shapeless, torn piece of old skirt over her head and shoulders, the only covering above her waist. In the crook of her arm she held a baby so small and with such thin legs and arms, that it looked like a doll, trying to nurse it at a breast that held nothing. The baby turned its head from side to side, crying in a thin little voice like a whisper of misery.

Outside, in the scorching sun and the relatively clearer air, I drew a long breath, fighting down the nausea that had seized me. Across from the station, I could see more groups of refugees camped on the ground, some of them with a few possessions still—a cup, a pot made of an old gasoline tin, a bundle of rags under which to sleep at night. Nothing else.

To get away from them, I jumped off the side of the platform on to what I took to be a piece of discarded sacking, next a torn and dirt-stained comforter, evidently covering something. As my boot struck the piece of sacking, a little cry came from it. I tried to get my foot out of the



Scene of the frightful massacre of Madjloom Djoor. The photo was taken in April, 1921, shortly after the spring freshets had washed away the snow and revealed the bodies of the women killed there in

November, 1920. The majority of the snapshots which Mr. Hibben sent with his article were entirely too gruesome for publication. Compared to a great many of them, this one is quite an ordinary picture.



*A group of refugees at Alexandropol, in the vicinity of which the Turks have murdered thousands of men, women and children. In the Schoragul plain around the city 140 villages were burned recently.*

way, and my spur caught in the sacking and carried it away. Something living under the comforter lifted a corner and looked out at me, and I turned to see what I had narrowly missed stepping on. It was a naked child, just born, its eyes not yet open, and out from the shadow of the comforter there peered the mother, her eyes big with suffering, and her skin hot with fever.

I got away, somehow, stumbling toward a cab at the corner of the station. And then, just as I had almost got to the cab and away from all this horrible nightmare, I came upon the worst of it. Right at the corner of the station, in the hot sun, almost naked and pitifully emaciated, lay a boy, quite dead, his staring eyes still open. And people came and went about their business—women carrying water from the station hydrant, cabs driving up and off again, little skeleton children playing about, all close to where he lay. And no one paid the slightest attention to the pitiful body, lying there in the sun. In time the dead wagon would pass the station in its daily rounds, and he would be piled on it with the others and taken away. There was nothing else to be done about it.

I scrambled into a cab and told the *izroschik* to drive me away from the station, from all of that swarm of unbelievable misery. But at every turn in the streets, we came upon more things just like what I had seen—more refugees huddled in corners, more little naked children, more shrunken-faced walking dead men recovering from the cholera only to die after all of just plain hunger.

"My God!" I said to the first American relief worker I met. "What's happened? Where have all these wretched people



*Alexander Maesnagian, President of the Socialist Soviet Republic of Armenia. He was elected April 10, 1921. His writings are very widely read.*



*A street scene in the ruined town of Schoragul, near Alexandropol. Over 150,000 were made homeless by the Turks before they evacuated Armenia in April, 1921. Note the ruined houses in the background.*

come from? The last time I was out here, two years ago, things were pretty bad—but they weren't like this! What's it all about?"

But he only shook his head.

"I don't know. I only got here in May, and it was like this when I came—only worse." And he sent me to the president of the Alexandropol Revcom. There I found out.

"You see, the Turks only left here on April 21," a soviet official informed me. "They were here from November last year—five months. In the Schoragul plain around Alexandropol, they burned 140 villages, and these refugees are the people of those villages. They have nothing. They were driven out without warning, and their houses fired. They have flocked into Alexandropol because they have nowhere else to go. But here there are still thousands of the Armenian refugees who were driven out of Turkey in 1917, and we have no place to put these newcomers, and no food to give them. They are dying at the rate of about twenty-five a day, now, in the summer, when it is warm. God knows what will happen when winter sets in! We have 141 cases of cholera here, and we cannot even handle that. We have nothing, either. What can we do? The Turks stripped the country clean."

And so that's that.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Because in this part of the world newspapers are few and events are recounted from mouth to mouth, with the usual accretions that follow naturally upon such a method of recording history. I went out to see these 140 villages around Alexandropol from which the Turks were said (Concluded on page 746)

# OUR SAD AND BEERFUL NEIGHBOR

*Canada Is Learning Some Interesting Prohibition Lessons*

By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

Illustrations by HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS



*"He will sit in a café where he can get anything he wants in the way of wines and beers, and the stuff he buys and consumes only whets his appetite."*

**T**HREE is a popular superstition to the effect that if the Government permitted the sale of light wines and beers the majority of the opponents of prohibition would be satisfied.

How often have we heard the cry: "If they'd just let us have wine and beer I wouldn't kick!"

I can't answer my own question. I don't know how often we've heard that cry. A rough guess would have it about as often as prohibition has been up for discussion during the last two years. "If we just had wine and beer!"

To all who think this I have a word to say. The word is "Bunk!" Bunk with a large B and a whole row of exclamation points to strengthen its meaning!

If we had light wine and beer free for all and on tap at public drinking fountains on every street corner, the majority of us, who are not total abstainers, would continue to live with a complaint on our lips and would still patronize bootleggers or sneak up back alleys in search of blind pigs where hard hooch might be secured. I hate to believe this, for I have been one

of the deluded many who held that the sale of wines and beers would satisfy the American drinking public, put an end to blind pigs and bootlegging and lead to no great national injury.

I hate to believe it, but I do not see how any person can become familiar with conditions in the city of Montreal, Quebec, Canada, and believe otherwise.

Montreal has about 300 saloons and restaurants in which beer, ale and wine are sold. In these places one can buy all the brews, ales and stouts, in addition to high wines, champagnes, burgundies, ports, sherries, etc. All these drinks may be had in public saloons or restaurants with all the old-time trimmings; waiters, mirrors, mahogany and loud laughter.

Do I hear the thirsty American declare that if he just had the privilege of buying wine and beer under those circumstances in his own country he would be perfectly satisfied? I am sure I do. And in answer to that declaration I repeat: "Bunk!"

The alcoholic taste of the average Canadian and the average American is approximately identical. The Canadian

might run a little more to Scotch and the American choose rye or bourbon oftener than his brother under the Maple Leaf, but otherwise, if sitting side by side in a *café* throughout a period of years, their orders for the time would about match both in quantity and proof.

In Montreal the Canadian has that with which the American thinks he would be satisfied. He has more, because, at the liquor commission stores, run by the Government, he can buy, for his own use in home or club, all kinds of whiskies, brandies and gins. Of that more later. Let us first examine the state of his mind regarding his beer and wine privileges.

He will sit in a *café* where he can get anything he wants in the way of wines and beers, and the stuff he buys and consumes only whets his appetite. With each drink he becomes more discontented; more insistent on moving on to some place where hard liquor is to be had. If he is a club man he wants to go to his club and start an attack on his locker supply. If he is not a club man but has a home he wants to go there and see what

can be done to allay the flood in his cellar. If he is not a club man and has no home in the city, why then he wants to buy a bottle of hard stuff and drink it in a hotel room. Whatever the method his ambition is the same: He wants to get away from the bright spot of freedom where wines and beers are sold openly with all the trimmings, and go some place—*any place*—where he can get a real drink.

He reminds me of the American soldier in France who would tell of his love for wine and beer and while declaring his devotion to these more or less innocuous drinks, walk past miles and miles of shops where they were sold cheap to get to a place where he could buy cognac.

So, seated in a wine and beer shop which the American dreams of as a place where all his alcoholic desires would be satisfied, the Canadian—booze brother to the American, mind you—waxes sarcastic in his comment on the lack of virtue in beer and wine. “This is terrible stuff for a man to put into his system,” he moans. “It fills him up with gas and gives him indigestion. Awful on the liver! Sit here and drink all night and never get a real kick out of it! It’s just mouth wash! Oh, it’s all right on a hot day when you’re tired and thirsty, but for a real drink—Come on. Let’s go up to my place. I’ve got some Scotch up there that’s as smooth as oil. It goes down your throat like a breath of fresh air, but when it gets to where it belongs—*Bloody! Let’s go!*”

The Canadian in Montreal is oppressed by restrictive liquor laws. He will tell you about that. There are liquor commission stores run by the Government where he can go and buy any sort of high-proof spirits. But he can only buy one bottle at a time. Isn’t that terrible?

To be sure he can go in and buy a quart, step outside and close the door and then walk in and buy another quart. He can repeat that process indefinitely. But think of the bother involved! It’s a shame! And then there are local option dry spots where he cannot drink his liquor in public. Has to take it in his home, or, if he belongs to a country club for example, in the locker room. Imagine having to drink liquor in a locker room!

A Canadian sat in a bar-room in Montreal and tried to make me weep by telling me his troubles.

“My country club is in a dry spot,” he said sadly. “I have to drink my liquor in the locker room. It’s awful!”

There was more to his tale. He spoke of personal liberty as one speaks of a loved friend recently dead, and cursed the narrow-minded fanatics who had put him in such a predicament.

“Try and make me cry with your tale of woe,” I dared him. “Try and do it. You with 300 saloons and the right to buy any sort of liquor and carry it around openly and drink it wherever you please except in a few local option dry spots where you have to retire to your home or

your locker room. And you tell me about your troubles!”

But he told me about them just the same. He kicked just as hard as any American who likes his liquor, kicking about the Eighteenth Amendment. Wherever there is a liquor law there is a drinker to kick about it and the protests are about as violent in liberal Quebec as they are in the technically bone-dry New York.

The French Canadian, of course, is different from his Anglo-Saxon co-national. The Canadian of French blood has the Latin ability to derive satisfaction from wines or beers and he has no kick to register.

Because of the predominant French influence in Quebec the province is wet and will probably remain so. The sentiment in Quebec is wet and the province is just about as wet as the sentiment. But next door to Quebec is Ontario, and Ontario was dry as law can make it. Ontario has not had the open saloon for some time, but up until last year any resident could have any quantity of liquor of any kind shipped in to the province for his own use. Last spring the people of Ontario did some voting on the question, and when the count was finished, old John Barleycorn found his record smudged with another clean knockout. The people of Ontario had voted to go absolutely dry. The sentiment in Ontario is dry and the province is as dry as the sentiment.

Traveling west from Ontario through Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, one finds nothing but bone dry territory. The people of those provinces correspond in character to the people of our own Middle Western States, most of which went dry before the national amendment went into force. Without doubt the majority of them favor prohibition; they are so on record and they have prohibition, or something as nearly as possible approximating it. You can get a drink in these provinces by visiting a bootlegger, a doctor or a druggist who is willing to take a chance for a price. The prohibition area of Canada is not as wet as New York, Chicago or San Francisco, and is about as dry as the rural parts of our Middle Western States. Bootleg liquor is from \$2 to \$6 cheaper in dry Canada than below the border, and averages far better in quality. The protest in the dry provinces is not as bitter as in the United States because those who would like to see the country wet realize that majority sentiment is undoubtedly against them and so they accept the verdict with a better grace, reserving to themselves, however, the right to break the liquor law for their own convenience and still be regarded as good citizens.

Going on up over the mountains and down into the coast province of British Columbia one again enters wet territory. British Columbia was dry under the wartime prohibition act, and recently

(Concluded on page 748)



“‘This is terrible stuff for a man to put into his system,’ he moans. ‘It fills him up with gas and gives him indigestion. Awful on the liver! Sit here and drink all night and never get a real kick out of it! It’s just mouth-wash!’”



RALPH H. MATTHIESSEN, of New York

WHEN Postmaster-General Hays tackled his man-size job of putting the postal service on a sound and efficient basis he realized that there were big executives in this country who had solved successfully, in their own businesses, many of the problems confronting him.

So Mr. Hays did the logical thing and drafted these men to the service, without salary.

Following the same line of thought, when it came to consideration of the Motor Vehicle Division of the Department, there was naturally just one man

to pick for the job—R. H. Matthiessen, of New York, president of the Motor Haulage Company of that city.

Mr. Matthiessen is in reality an engineer who has made motor haulage his profession. He has introduced standardization and has solved scientifically the many problems encountered in this new transportation field.

The same methods that Mr. Matthiessen applies so successfully to the movement of the local tonnage of the great merchants and manufacturers of New York City are now being applied to the Motor Vehicle Division of the postal service.



**H**OME to a cow puncher usually means any horse he happens to have his saddle on. But ask an Arizona puncher where he was raised, it's an even break he'll say, "down yonder," meaning Texas.

When he was fifteen, Shorty left the little farm in East Texas, and drifted to Midland. Riding herd in a flock of windmills suited him no better than picking cotton. He wanted to be a twister.

So the next move was New Mexico. Here on a horse ranch, he found the job he wanted—fighting bronks at fifteen dollars a month.

Some of the peeler's laughed when Shorty asked for a job. McDougal, the owner, didn't smile.

"Button," he said, "they ride pitchin' horses at this outfit. You're just a kid."

"I know," answered Shorty, "but I want to learn."

McDougal knew he meant it.

For two years he stayed on. Being thrown and pawed is a rough game, but when Shorty headed west again he could ride. Of McDougal, he bought his first horse, a long-legged outlaw that

pitched each time he was saddled. Jobs were scarce, but down on the Arizona line he caught on. For a year, he stayed, riding the Rough String.

From here, he drifted into Arizona, and finally landed in Globe. Globe was a he-man's town in those days. His money in safer hands, Shorty rode out next morning on his long-legged bronk.

At the Flying H some pictures were taken of the outfit, among them several of Shorty. He sent them home. A sister he had never seen wrote back

that of course they were interesting, but his mother wondered why he didn't send some of himself.

Three years at the C.K.'s, two more at the Wine Glass. The years kept slipping by. Once in awhile, a letter came from home.

Shorty was thirty-four when I met him, and foreman of the Cross S. He wasn't much to look at, a little runt with steel blue eyes and a mop of hair as black and coarse as an Apache's. Of course his legs were bowed. His broncho riding days were over, but he still kept the long-legged outlaw, though the horse was too old to ride. But aside from the fact that Shorty had quit twistin', he did everything a little better than anyone else. You wouldn't have guessed he was foreman. The cattle were wild in the mountain, yet he always caught more than his share. He was never bowed up or sullen, he even stood well with the cook. At night, round the fire, it's all ropin' and ridin', and talkin' came easy for Shorty.

The fall I met Shorty, we were working down out of the pine, and the juniper mesas, moving camp every few days. Headquarters was reached in November.

Headquarters was only thirty miles from Globe, so the day before we went down to the pens, some folks came out from town. Among 'em was the horse wrangler's mother. Slim was out on the mesa with the ponies when she came. She looked a bit disappointed when she found he wasn't there, till Shorty showed

## HOME

By ROSS SANTEE

Illustrations by the Author

her the point where he'd come off with the *remuda*. The drive had just come in, and the outfit was branding out. The other folks was right interested, but Slim's mother kept watchin' that spot.

It takes some little time to ease a hundred and fifty ponies off that point. But as soon as they hit the flat, they come on a run for the ranch. She didn't see Slim until he was most there. Then he come bustin' out of the dust to turn two bronks that was headin' down the wash. Slim let out a yell when he spied her. She just stood there and smiled.

Punchers as a rule don't have much to say when women folks is around. But Slim's mother had white hair. The cook was poison on town folks and Indians, but I heard him tell her he'd have made a tallow pudding if he'd a known anyone was coming.

That night Shorty didn't sit around the fire. He went off to bed without sayin' a word. I thought he was asleep when I turned in, but as I was fixin' the tarp, he up and says, "Slim's mother didn't pay no one any mind but him. When he left, she watched him until he topped out on the mesa."

We went down to the pens in the morning, and had just started to load when the passenger pulled up. Everybody hung out of the windows. Among them was Pecos, a kid that had ridden the Rough String the beginning of the work. He was so dolled up we didn't know him until he yelled.

"Where ya goin'?" says Shorty.

"Home," yells Pecos as the train pulls out.

It was sundown before we loaded out. The outfit piled into the two big cars and headed for town. Shorty and I were to take the horses back to the ranch. So we filled up on canned stuff and bellywash at the little store. It was dark when we pulled out. But by the time we had hit seven mile, the moon had come up, and it was 'most as light as day. I started to auger a couple of times, but all I got was a "yes," or a "no." So we rode to the ranch without talkin'.

I unsaddled and turned loose, before I noticed Shorty. He was still standin', with his head down, leanin' against his pony. Figurin' his side was hurtin' him again, I went over to unsaddle his horse.

"The old side botherin' again?" I asked.

When he raised his head, I saw his face was wet.

"By God," he says, "Everyone sees his mother but me. I'm goin' home!"



"Headquarters was only thirty miles from Globe."

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Ross Denton.

*"The cattle were wild in the  
mountain, yet he always  
caught more than his share."*

# UNCLE SAM, THROUGH JAPANESE EYES

By ADACHI KINNOBUKE

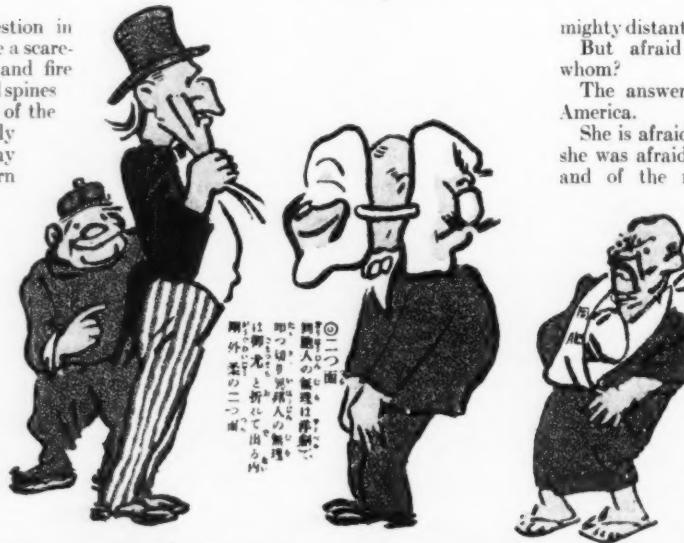
American Correspondent of the Tokyo Jiji

THE Japanese question in California was once a scarecrow. It sent ice and fire up and down the national spines of the two great powers of the Pacific, for it was superbly draped and staged by many thousands of natural-born P. T. Barnums of the Golden State. The effect was something tremendous, especially in America. Still, in the last analysis, it was what it was and will remain always—a scarecrow and nothing more.

The immigration issue, as far as Japan is concerned, is dead and twice buried, if somewhat indecently. America has the right to say whom she wants within her borders and whom she does not want. The fact is, Japan said something of the sort herself not so long ago when the cheap Chinese coolie labor flooded the coal districts of Kyushu—the coal miners down there had a mild sort of a riot over it. All that Japan wants now in California is protection for the property and other rights of the resident Japanese there according to plain treaty stipulations—nothing more.

The Japanese Question at the Armenta Conference at Washington is something else altogether. It is about as much like a pinchbeck spangled scarecrow of sensational politics as the moon is like the mud-turtle, as an old Japanese saying goes. For, internationally speaking, it is the biggest thing before America to-day. But yesterday Japan was thousands and thousands of miles from the lights of Broadway. Something wiped out all that distance as by magic, for the Japanese question, as it stands now, has "its hand in the pockets" of every man, woman and child who happens to be at the ticket window of a Broadway movie show—in the form of amusement tax. Milady out for a pair of silk stockings comes in immediate and intimate touch with the Japanese question.

At Paris, Japan was one of the Big Five merely in name and through an excessive courtesy. At Washington she is to be one of the Big Three—in name. In fact, she is one of the Big Two. For almost any school boy seems to be rather sure that America and England (especially after the London Conference of Colonial Premiers) need only a brief talk or two to come to a sane agreement to reduce the impressive folly of their naval expenditures. The biggest interrogation point of the world to-day shadows the Pacific and not the Atlantic and it hovers over the Japanese navy and not the



This cartoon, from the *Osaka Puck*, depicts the popular indignation against the Japanese Government because of its "servile" attitude toward Uncle Sam. It is interesting, owing to the fact that the American people are ignorant of the fact that such a sentiment exists beyond the Pacific. The artist here shows the Japanese Government with two masks—one facing Uncle Sam, with China sicking him on; and the other facing the people of Japan, standing in a corner, badly mauled and decidedly intimidated.

British or any other European navy.

In Japan nowadays—"Just what is America going to do to us?" has replaced "good morning" and other classic and profound formulas of greeting on the street. The one all-overshadowing spectacle which is burning out the eyes of the Japanese to-day is that of the United States of America—absolutely the only power on earth which is big and powerful enough to stroll over the earth free-handed and unarmed—building up incomparably the most powerful navy on the face of the globe. Japan of course hears America, from time to time, shouting louder than anybody else that she is the most peace-loving nation on earth. But that somehow does not add to her peaceful slumber. And Japan is asking: "Why—why is America building such a tremendous navy? America is rich, Americans are not fools, they don't burn up money for the fun of the thing. Whom is she getting ready to lick?"

And America and Japan are coming together at Washington just to answer the above questions.

Japan is arming to-day just for one reason: She is afraid—afraid for her dear life. That is all; there is no other reason whatever. She is grim and silent, bearing an unbearable tax burden. She is not only spending more than she can afford, her army and navy are nearly breaking her back, but she is going right ahead with them—steadily increasing the crushing burden from year to year. She is doing this for precisely the same reason that a man buys a gun even if he goes without two of his three meals, because he is very badly frightened, and fear is certainly not mothered by logic and is a

mighty distant kin of the Buddhistic *sutra*. But afraid of what? Frightened of whom?

The answer is, the United States of America.

She is afraid of America to-day just as she was afraid of every European power and of the mighty China before the Chinese war; just as she was afraid of Russia and Germany before the Russian war, just as she was afraid of Germany and France before the World War.

Afraid of the U. S. A.! That makes Americans laugh, no doubt; it doesn't change the situation a particle.

Never mind the half-witted and (sometimes) half-witty after dinner speeches of the gentlemen of the Japan society. We all love them for the masterpieces of unconscious humor they give us from time to time and we know they mean well. But the question most certainly cannot be evaded: it shouldn't be.

Why—why are the Japs afraid of the United States? Largely because the Japanese see America as very few Americans have ever seen the United States. The America which stands in the Japanese eyes is quite a different picture from what your eyes are accustomed to see; so very rarely do we see ourselves as others see us.

To the Japanese vision America is the most imperialistic power in the world to-day as well as the mightiest—the most powerful in man power, in resources—financial and natural—in industrial machinery and organization. And her aggressive imperialism (to Japanese eyes) makes Rome in the days of Caesar look like a village bully by comparison. But just what is there about the United States which gives Japan such a preposterous idea about this country? What frightens Japan so?

Well, history for one thing—the history of American expansion:

Texas was not a part of the United States once; it is a great State in the Union now. Well, but did not Texas wish to join the Union of her own free and sovereign will? So also did Korea want to join Japan—not all the Koreans signed the prayer for annexation, of course, any more than all the Mexicans in Texas urged President Houston to have Texas made a part of the Union. And then, there is New Mexico and the very State of California.

But isn't all this ancient history? Well, there is Hawaii. The Japanese cannot find many Americans sitting up nights trying to force Hawaii back on the Hawaiians, although they are told from time to time that some of the good Amer-

ican missionaries are spending a lot of their time day and night trying to restore Korea to the Koreans. Then again, some of the Japanese seem to recall even to this day the words of ex-President Roosevelt about the Canal zone—how he went and took it and then let the gentlemen of Congress talk about it to their hearts' content.

They have heard a good deal of the "Independence of the Philippines." But they have heard ever so much more about the iron-clad guarantee of Korean independence which Japan gave—heard it for ten odd years on end and then saw what became of it. But can't the poor heathens see that Japan is not the United States? Oh, yes, of course, but somehow they cannot view America as so much superior to their own country—which is rather natural after all.

Moreover, the Filipinos themselves echo this Japanese view of the situation rather often. And then the recent affairs in Hayti and in San Domingo—The Japanese are thinking not of what the Japanese or British newspaper men have said about the American activities down in those hapless islands, but of some of the hideous indictments which American investigators themselves have brought against the American administration there.

History, rough and ready to hand, such as the above, has got a strangle-hold on the timid imagination of the Nippon people and makes them see things—in bed and out of it.

There is something else which scares my countrymen even more than these recorded ghosts of the past.

And that is what America did in the World War—not the taking of Chateau Thierry, but the creation of an army of a couple of million men; the way America built ships to carry them over seas; the way she transported equipment and food for her army. These things impressed the Japanese more than Americans have any idea. To their rounded eyes America was the twentieth-century miracle which reduced the extravagant Oriental fables to the proportions of toy balloons by comparison.

And it is this genie among the powers who is after the overcrowded string of sterile islands, without iron, without oil, without cotton and without rubber, without industrial organization, without wealth, with practically none of the wherewithal which the Great War so conclusively proved to be absolutely essential to victory in a modern war.

But why—for what earthly end do the Japanese think America is itching to fight

her? America, with her practically unlimited acres, untold natural resources, with her wealth, with all the ever-crowding problems of her own, why should she wish to go all the far way across the biggest ocean on earth and try to force war on unoffending Japan?

The answer to this is in the now very fashionable phrase in Japan: "The capitalistic Imperialism of America." Japanese argue somewhat after the following fashion: China with her 400,000,000 people and their needs, spells the biggest

oughly frightened—afraid for her very existence. Can any students of the international catch-as-catch-can game blame her? She presents the picture of a bewildered small boy in a sort of a haunted chamber, his hair giving a pretty fair imitation of a porcupine in anger, and running from one side of the room to another, trying to fasten the catch of this window, and putting a gun at another; testing the lock on one door and then rushing madly to blockade the others and putting in the balance of his time mostly

spinning on his head trying to arm his own person to the best of his ability—and becoming more and more convinced every minute that a giant is going to fall on him and eat him alive.

Between this picture of Japan and the familiar mailed thunderstorm which darkens the editorial pages of the Hearst publications, there is a little distance—the distance which one is very apt to find between a fact and a fake. If only America can be made to see Japan even as she really is; if America can see the dreams and dread of Japan in all their naked truth, the question of the limitation of naval armament is more than half solved.

What then does Japan want more than anything else at the Washington Conference? It is the opportunity to present herself to America and to the rest of the world in her true colors.

At Portsmouth at the close of the Russo-Japanese war, Japan looked wise and said nothing—and suffered one of the worst disasters in all the history of her foreign intercourse.

At Paris the Japanese delegation had two men of exceptional ability, Count Chinda and Yosuke Matsuoka, but there were hundreds of others with them. And the others put the two lights under the bushel and so completely did they succeed in this job that even the poor, decrepit China, without prestige, without power, torn with civil wars and festering in unspeakable political corruption at home, "put it all over" Japan. Her mere school boy representative commanded remarkably fluent English and had an understanding of American psychology.

These two signal defeats seem to have told at last even on the hard-shell bureaucratic Japan. Indications are that at Washington she is ready to lay aside her mask of silence and show herself even as she really is—worried and harassed with more than her share of troubles and withal as full of aspirations and patient strivings against tremendous odds as any other people of the earth; human down to her toe-nails.



Another cartoon which recently attracted much comment in Japan. It represents Militarism as being extremely worried.

market of the future. In her undeveloped natural resources, she is the America of the Orient. And America has made up her mind to get the lion's share of the future trade of China and of the exploitation of Chinese resources. She finds Japan a stumbling block squarely across her path—not a quiet sort of a rock which she could gently remove, but an enormously exaggerated and self-inflated and aggressively porcupine. There is just one natural thing for America to do; and that is precisely what she is preparing to do. There is her naval program; her new Pacific fleet; the tremendous fortification plans for Pearl Harbor, for Guam and for the Philippines; her persistent delay in giving Filipinos their independence under one excuse or another; the well studied maneuvers of her diplomats and financiers in China—what more, in all conscience, does Japan wish to see before she wakes up? All this is about what Japan is saying to herself.

So this is why and how Japan is thor-

# LIARS

By FRED C. KELLY

Illustrations by CLIVE WEED

THOSE of us who never, under any circumstances, deviate from the truth are so greatly in the minority that it is no easy matter to avoid dealing with liars. We may deplore liars, but there is no getting away from the fact that they have entered practically every walk of life. Fortunately, however, it is possible, with practice, to recognize a liar when we meet him. As human beings average up much alike, liars behave about the same, in the long run, wherever found. Both in what people say, and the way they say it, we have plenty of tell-tale evidence to indicate whether they should be believed.

Here, by way of illustration, is a sample conversation between a beautiful young woman and one of her admirers:

"Hello, girlie. What are you doing this evening?"

"What am I doing this evening? Why, I'm going with some friends to the theater."

"How about to-morrow evening?"

"To-morrow evening? Let's see—oh, yes, one of the girls asked me to go automobileing with her."

"And Thursday evening?"

"Thursday evening? Well, I'm—"

Now there's no use waiting to learn what she says she is planning for Thurs-

day evening, for it is evident that whatever she tells him will be a lie.

She repeated at least part of each question he asked her—in order to gain thinking time in which to invent a previous engagement. There is somebody else with whom she prefers to spend the evening, but she would rather lie than hurt a young man's feelings. As every trial lawyer knows, the practice of repeating questions is one of the commonest devices of the offhand liar.

Everybody has encountered, too, the man who always has his inside coat pocket filled with letters, clippings and papers of one kind and another, with which he is prepared to prove whatever he has to say. "If you don't believe it," he declares, after making an assertion, "just lookee here!" And he begins to fumble through the stuff in his pocket. You see, he is such a liar at heart that he is suspicious of himself and assumes that others are equally suspicious of him.

This feeling of self-suspicion is revealed also by a man's language and emphasis. Let us suppose that you ask a man: "Were you at home Saturday night?" If he is an invariably truthful man, and *was* at home, and doesn't care who knows it, he replies simply "yes." But if he has some reason to lie about his whereabouts Sat-

urday night, and wants you to think he was at home when he was not, then he feels that to reply with a mere "yes" doesn't make his case strong enough. Knowing that he is a liar, he suspects himself of not being convincing. Therefore, he is more likely to say: "Yes, *I was*," and possibly to say it with needless emphasis. Whenever a man seems over-anxious to make you think that a trivial thing is true, the chances are that it isn't. If he were thoroughly truthful, it would never occur to him that anybody might question his word. Like the man who boasts about his prowess in one line, in order to cover up a sense of inferiority about something else, the liar who makes a statement too strong runs the risk of revealing his own fear that it will not be accepted as the truth.

We all know that a man telling a lie may feel so ill at ease that he cannot look one straight in the eye. But the trouble is that many a man becomes such a good extemporaneous liar that he is able to do that very thing. Knowing that any evasiveness with the eyes will excite suspicion, he has acquired a brazen ability to impale his hearers with the glittering optic while rambling gayly through an account of something that never happened. It is then necessary to take note



"She finds it more convenient simply to tell a fib that will satisfy the demands of the situation."



*"Everybody has encountered, too, the man who always has his inside coat pocket filled with letters, clippings and papers of one kind and another, with which he is prepared to prove whatever he has to say."*

of some sign of nervousness—maybe the way he keeps twisting frantically at a button on his vest, or crossing and recrossing his legs.

When a man, ordinarily truthful, is lying, to shield somebody else, he feels so ashamed of himself that he talks in an unnaturally low tone of voice. You ask him to speak louder and he does so for a moment, showing that the trouble does not rest in his vocal powers, but a few seconds later he relapses into tones almost inaudible. He feels that he *has* to tell the lie, but doesn't want anybody to hear him. This habit of talking almost in a whisper is characteristic of panhandlers on the street—telling an obviously concocted hard luck story as a means of getting money.

Sometimes, on the other hand, the liar takes exactly the opposite tack and talks unnaturally loud—to hide the fact that he really desires to talk low. Another frequent mannerism of the liar who is ashamed or embarrassed, is a disposition unconsciously to keep his hand over his mouth, or make a frequent protective gesture of the hand in front of his face—because he would really like to shut out the rest of the world and do his enforced lying where nobody could hear or see him.

When a man is telling a prepared story there is likely to be a vacant expression in his face, as of one giving a memorized singsong recital. But if he is recalling an actual occurrence, his face lights up, from time to time, as forgotten details return to his mind. Furthermore, if called upon for details of something that never happened, or something that he himself didn't *see* happen, the liar is almost certain to remember too much. He recalls exactly how many clouds were in the sky, or the precise hour of the day of an incident years previous—details that ordinarily would not stick in one's memory.

It must be reluctantly admitted that, everything else being equal, women are

more likely to lie than men. This is really no reflection on the justly popular feminine sex, but is a natural outcome of woman's environment and the way society is organized. In the first place, woman is weaker physically than man, and must resort to something more subtle than her fists as a means of self-protection. A lie therefore becomes a natural weapon of defense. You ask a man a question that he doesn't wish to answer and he may tell you that it is none of your business. If you don't like that, perhaps he shakes his fist in your face and inquires what you are going to do about it. That is comparatively impractical for a woman. She finds it more convenient simply to tell fib that will satisfy the demands of the situation. The practice of sending word to an unwelcome caller that one is not at home was instituted by women.

This disposition of women to use a white lie as a matter of social convenience is probably heightened by the fact that, in a sense, speaking by and large, woman's whole life is a lie. I refer to the fact that, in regard to marriage, woman is supposed to be the pursued party. The fact is that she is almost invariably the pursuer. Women are ordinarily, I think, more anxious to be married than men. It is the female of the human species that resorts to bright-colored feathers and garments designed to lure the male to her side. By the practice of tactfulness in conversation and seductive flattery, she is altogether likely to capture the male after whom she sets out. Tactfulness and flattery are a clever woman's handmaidens. And it is only with great difficulty that one may be uniformly tactful without lapsing over into the borderland of actual mendacity. This habit of subtlety in woman not only makes an occasional lie rather easy for her, but it also makes her more difficult to detect in a lie.

It is probable that a young girl, if not untruthful, is at least inaccurate somewhat in proportion as she grows into the age of romance. Even in her early teens, a girl is inclined to distort facts, in order to have them as she *wishes* they were. As she grows into womanhood, a girl, lacking the necessities of business life for accuracy, may easily fall unconsciously into the habit

of gross exaggeration, or of minimizing the truth.

I recall having to make an investigation a year or two ago, on behalf of a friend who wished to know something of the relative standing of several boarding schools for girls at Washington. My inquiries led me to ask questions of various women whom I thought might know. Said one woman:

*"Tell him not to send his daughter to the Excellent Seminary. They have a terribly rough class of girls there."*

This seemed surprising and I asked, as politely as possible, how she had found this out. She explained that she had seen a number of the girls from that seminary walking by her home and they looked uncouth. Further inquiry disclosed that she had seen only three girls, at a distance of 300 or 400 feet, in their old clothes, taking a walk, and somebody had said they were from the seminary. She wasn't even sure of that.

Now, her statement was really a combination of inaccuracy and untruth. She, in her slipshod method of coming to conclusions, had half thought that what she said was largely true, but she also wished to tell me something a bit shocking. We all like to say something that will cause surprise.

Generally speaking, about the most reliable person from whom to get information is a small boy. Any family possessing a boy knows that he is observant, "gets into everything," and has no motive beyond satisfying his inordinate curiosity. He likes to pry into things for the sheer joy of finding the facts as they *are*. When he grows older he may find it not so easy, for business or social reasons, to tell an accurate story. But when he becomes an old man, he once more may be like a

*(Concluded on page 748)*



*"Another frequent mannerism of the liar who is ashamed or embarrassed, is a disposition unconsciously to keep his hand over his mouth, or make a protective gesture of the hand in front of his face—because he would really like to shut out the rest of the world."*



*A side view of the wrecked after-part of the ZR-2.*

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Lieutenant Tinker, U. S. N. R. F., was sent over to England by the Secretary of the Navy to come back on the ZR-2 and write for the Navy an official narrative of the flight. An errand to the Air Ministry in London prevented his taking part in the trial flight of the airship which ended so disastrously. He returned on the British cruiser, *Dauntless*, with the bodies of his comrades lost in the wreck.*)

**W**E WILL carry on as before, building as many big dirigibles as may be necessary and embodying the lessons of practical experience so that brave men shall not have given their lives in vain."

So spoke Admiral Moffett when the news of the loss of the ZR-2 reached him. It was a brave man's promise to the spirits of brave men. It was also the pronouncement of a far-seeing thinker, one who knows the cost of progress, and the price man has to pay in his ceaseless struggle to master the elements. It was also an answer to those who morbidly gloat over incidental failure as though it were the end of all effort, an answer to those who ask if we are "to continue to risk lives and spend money for such things as airships?"

Since my return to the Navy Department, two weeks ago, if I have been asked once, I have been asked a hundred times; "What about the ZR-2?" "Will airships ever be safe?" "Do you think the United States will ever have commercial airships?" "I presume you never want to see another airship yourself, do you now?" and so on. And these questions have been followed by all sorts of declarative and sage remarks, such as, "Airships are too fragile." "They cost too much." "They never will be of any use." "They can't stand the weather, and then they break in two and blow up."

I returned from England on the British cruiser *Dauntless*, and, when nearing the port of New York, her Captain, Gilbert O. Stephenson, C.M.G., unrolled a chart in the navigator's cabin, covering the stretch of coast from Nantucket Lightship to Barnegat, N. J. It was the latest chart issued by the British Admiralty, supplied with recent data from the Hydrographic Office at Washington, and on that chart, representing that short distance of coast, were indicated seventeen wrecked surface vessels, the wrecks now being obstructions to navigation and labelled dangerous.

Think of it! And don't forget that present surface craft are the result of

## DON'T GIVE UP THE AIRSHIP!



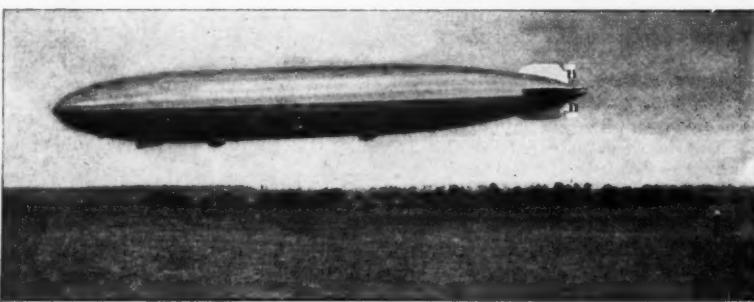
NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO

*The ZR-2 in her huge shed at Hounds, England. The port near her bow is open, showing the entrance and exit to and from the mooring mast and the mooring mast attachment just above the extreme end of the stem.*

thousands of years of effort: certainly from Noah down to date. All the nations of the earth have had a hand in the development of ocean-going vessels, and ships have passed through the age of oars, the age of sails, and are now passing through the age of steam into that of electricity.

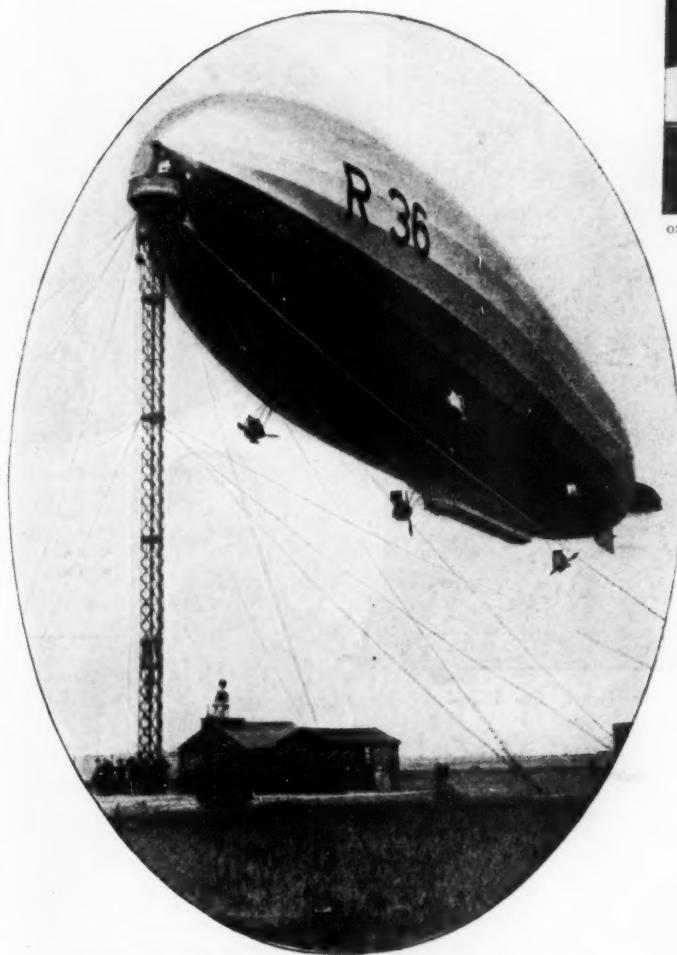
On the very day that the ZR-2 was

wrecked, there appeared in the Press a statement that a train had been wrecked in Italy and that the lives of fifty people had been snuffed out in a moment, while one hundred and fifty others had been injured. No talk of scrapping railroads went with the story. That thought, too, is silly. Railroads are a development of nearly a century. Bil-



NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO  
*One of the few pictures taken of the ZR-2 in flight. It shows the great ship just after she took the air on her last trial flight.*

By  
CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER



COURTESY BRITISH AIR MINISTRY

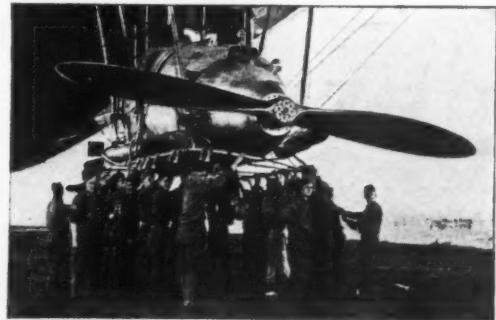
The R-36 at her mooring mast in Pulham, England. The R-36 was built for war purposes, but was remodeled for passenger carrying. The passenger car will be noted rigidly attached to the bottom of the ship.

lions are invested in their upkeep, maintenance, and extension. Let the critics of airships look to the record of the railroads; they have cost enormous sums, they have killed their thousands.

Last year seventy people were killed in the streets of Washington, a purely residential city. They were run down by automobiles or caught in automobile

crashes. What the grand total of such deaths for the country may be I do not know, but I refer the critics of airships to the record of automobile fatalities in America alone if they are looking for human wreckage along the paths of progress.

It is quite natural that there should be a tremendous amount of misinforma-



OFFICIAL PHOTO, U. S. NAVAL AVIATION  
A close-up of the "power egg" or motor gondola of the R-36.

tion and lack of knowledge concerning airships throughout the United States. We had no Zeppelins raiding New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, or other big cities during the War. In Europe it is different. The whole eastern coast of England, London particularly, for a long period felt the shock of the Zeppelin's bombs. One officer in the German Navy boasts of twenty-four Zeppelin visits to London for the purpose of bombing that city. German rigid airships are no strangers to the British.

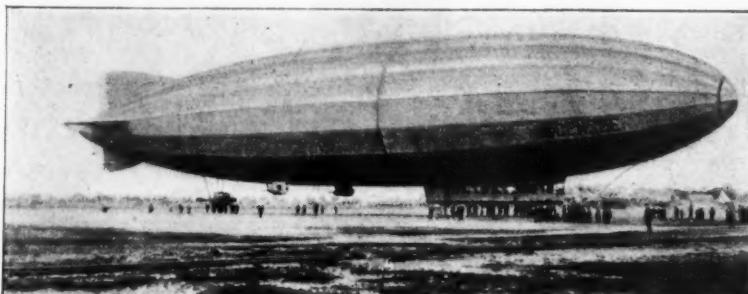
Continental Europe is well acquainted with rigid airships. Permanent commercial air routes were in operation there for ten years before the War, and thousands of passengers were carried without loss of life.

The Germans, aside from originating rigid airships, have had more experience than any other nation in building and operating that class of aircraft. I am personally acquainted with several German airship men, one of whom has made more than one thousand five hundred trips on rigid airships, another has been more than six thousand hours in the air in such ships, and another has piloted rigid airships a total distance of more than two hundred thousand miles. These men know rigid airships and what such craft can do, their limitations and their capabilities, and I predict that until men of their knowledge are consulted it will be an uphill proposition for any nation to develop rigid airships.

It has been said that there is no royal road to airship success; that experimentation and all it costs is the only way. It sounds like a half-truth to me. What men have done they can do again. If these Germans have been successful and still retain their faculties, why go through all the agony, step by step, until we at last equal their performance? Why not secure the men, and, if possible, one or more of their ships and start business abreast of Continental practice at once? It seems the reasonable thing to do.

Rigid airships in Germany, after some preliminary experimentation by David Schwartz, were developed to practicality by Count Zeppelin and Doctor Schutte. The first successful German rigid airship was a Zeppelin; she was 420 feet long and contained 400,000 cubic feet of gas. Her first flight was made on July 2nd, 1900. Germany went wild over this ship. She was primitive, being but thirty-eight feet in diameter, with two small engines of twenty-nine total

(Continued on page 745)



NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO

The Bodensee was built expressly for passenger service and is not a very large ship, but streamlined for extreme speed.

## BIG GUNS WHO ARE DISCUSSING



*Aristide Briand, France's Prime Minister and chief of the French delegation at the Arms Conference. He learned politics when haranguing customers in his father's café at St. Nazaire. During his newspaper days, when he was first a reporter and later an editor, he was anti-governmental; but the first German gun converted him into a practical French Conservatist.*



*Rene Viriani, former French Prime Minister, who headed a French mission sent to this country during the war, and who is regarded as one of the most eloquent orators in Europe.*



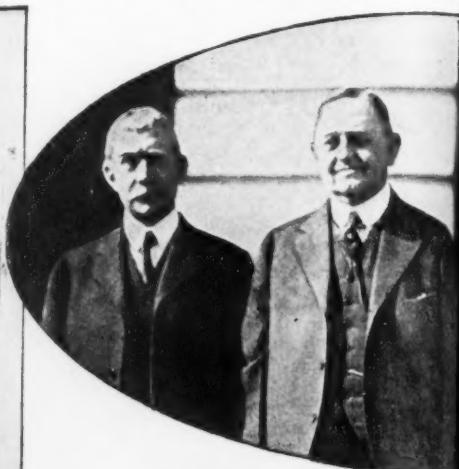
*Dr. S. Alfred Sze, Chinese Minister to the United States, and another extremely important member of the Sze family, snapped on their arrival in this country.*



*The French Ambassador at Washington—M. Jules Jusserand—and his wife, M. Jusserand has been representing his country here since 1902.*



Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador at Washington. In 1913 he was practically unknown. He participated in the Boer War, was a Professor in McGill University, Canada, and in 1914-1915 he was a Captain in the British Army at the front. He was called back to London, where he put across Lord Derby's recruiting campaign in a way that practically saved England from defeat. When they discovered that he had supplied the gray matter for the big drive for recruits he was knighted. For many reasons he is one of the most popular of the foreign representatives in our Capital.



*For the average American hardly requires a nation, benefit of a small majority say that these four men are Elihu Root, Oscar T. U. Evans, Hughes and Hen-*

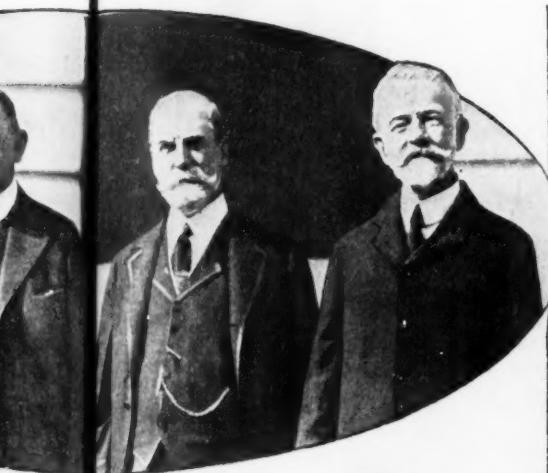


India was not officially represented on hand to see them are—Srinivas Sastri (left)



*The three principal members of the American delegation to New York on the Olympic. They have left for the United States.*

## USSING BIG GUNS IN WASHINGTON



The average American reader this picture requires a cushion. However, for the benefit of a small minority it might be well to note that these four men are (left to right): Root, Oscar W. Underwood, Charles Hughes and Henry Cabot Lodge.



is not officially invited to participate in the Conference, but she has two representatives on hand to watch the proceedings. Here are Srinivas Sastri (left) and G. S. Bajpai.



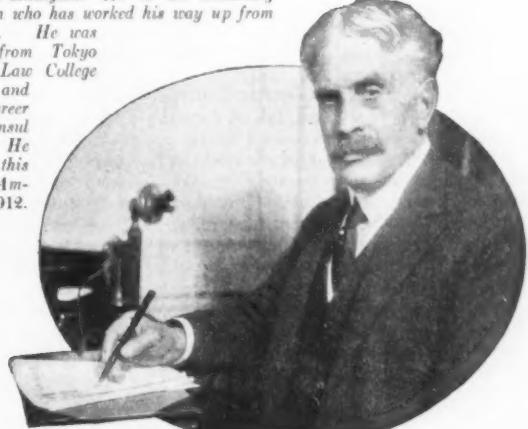
Members of the Italian delegation snapped on their arrival in Washington. They are (left to right): Senator Albertino, Senator Roland Ricci, Italian Ambassador to the United States.



Lord Lee, First Lord of the British Admiralty, and Lady Lee, just before they landed from the Olympic.



Baron Kijuro Shidehara, the Japanese Ambassador at Washington. He is an unusually capable man who has worked his way up from the bottom. He was graduated from Tokyo University Law College in 1895, and began his career as a sub-consul in London. He came to this country as Ambassador in 1912.



Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G., former Canadian Prime Minister. In 1917 and 1918 he represented the Dominion at the Imperial War Cabinet and the Imperial War Conference.



The Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour. Tall, handsome, courteous, charming, he is the typical English gentleman. At one time or another in his long career he has held down all the big jobs his country has to offer. From 1902 to 1905 he was Prime Minister. During the war as First Lord of the Admiralty, he made a remarkably fine record. He is seventy-three years old.

Vi-Kyuan Wellington Koo, of the Chinese delegation. Part of his education he received at Columbia University, in New York, and he already has many warm friends in America. For several years he was China's Minister to the United States, and he also represented his country at the Peace Conference. Ever since he was graduated from Columbia he has figured prominently in the political life of China.



# YOU AND YOUR WORK

## Winning Promotion

By JACOB PENN

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is not an employment agency, it cannot provide jobs. But it can and will provide expert counsel to those, with or without work, who sincerely wish to better their condition. Mr. Penn will gladly answer in LESLIE'S the inquiries of readers who seek the benefit of his advice in solving their employment problems. All communications will be treated confidentially. Address your letters: YOU AND YOUR WORK DEPT., LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43d St., New York City. Always enclose stamps for postage.



**W**E SHALL suspend for this week our discussion of ways and means to obtain employment, and take up a subject that has been presented in the majority of the letters received. In these letters the correspondents seek advice as to how they may secure promotion.

"I have been working in this plant for twelve years," writes a foundry worker. "In all these years no one has questioned my loyalty, and my wages were increased when general increases were made. I believe I am well thought of by my fellow workers and my employers. But, whenever a vacancy existed for a higher position, it was always filled by some other fellow. The last foreman job was given to a man who was here only one year."

Another declares that he spent fourteen years in the banking business, and is now serving as teller. He says he started from the bottom, as messenger, worked up to the position of bookkeeper, and after several years' service with another bank as bookkeeper was advanced to his present position. He declares he would like to see himself in a higher position, exactly what higher position he does not say. But because, as he says, "no one dies or quits, it looks like the teller's job for me for the rest of my life."

An attorney, who started with a title insurance company as a title examiner, seeks a way to promotion in his field. Although he has been serving his employer for five years to the latter's apparent entire satisfaction, he is still a title searcher, while the fellows who started with him are either holding higher positions with the same company or with others.

At the Industrial Relations Association Convention, just held in New York City, where more than 1,000 employment and welfare managers met to discuss this and other problems I put the question of promotion up to several prominent experts. "The reason why these persons, and the average man and woman, fail to receive promotion," said one personnel manager, "is because they look on their work and the business with which they are connected through a keyhole. The higher positions, the jobs of foreman, manager, head of department, require men and women with broad vision, persons who not only think about their jobs, and know their work thoroughly, but in addition possess the capacity to appreciate the relation of their particular tasks to those of their neighbors, to the complete product or process, to the plant, to the company, to the market, and to the ultimate consumer."

"Then there is the matter of leadership. The higher positions are places where the incumbents must assume responsibility for their particular department or section,

and in turn distribute the work of their departments to subordinates, arranging matters so that things work like a clock, so that there will be no interference with the other departments to which their work is related."

If you desire to win promotion—and I judge from the many letters I have received that LESLIE'S readers are of the class that does desire to advance, decide to-day to do your work, not only to the best of your ability, but with a larger vision. Seek to understand its relationship to the rest of the organization and then seek to improve that relationship to make what you do of more importance. For, it is the new ways, the new ideas, or old ideas applied to new situations, that make the employer grateful.

Do that, and you will be noticed—you will be marked for promotion. There may be exceptions, but, in the final analysis, the person worthy of greater responsibilities and larger income will not remain in what is commonly called the "blind alley job" or the position not much better. If you feel that you are an exception, that you have been slighted, first of all, look about you and see whether you are really doing your work to the best of your ability. Remember that if you think meanly of your job as beneath you, if you are ashamed of it, the chances are you are slighting it, and it is a sure bet, in any case, that you are not giving it the benefit of the larger vision. But, if after a real heart searching, you can satisfy yourself that you fully deserve promotion, then go to your employer or head of your department, whoever is your immediate superior, and quietly state your case. The chances are your wishes will be granted.

Of course, human frailties overleap all bounds sometimes, and it may be that your immediate superior, for some reason probably known to himself only, cherishes an unfriendly feeling toward you. I have known of such cases where both men and women were the principals. If you feel that you can expect little encouragement from your immediate superior, present your case by letter to the person next in rank, stating the reason for your action. If you are right, and your service is satisfactory, you will not only hear from him, but you will also obtain your merited promotion.

To win promotion and hold the higher position in the banking business you must be properly prepared. Mere knowledge of figures, experience in reading signatures, affability and friendliness—all very excellent qualities and desirable to cultivate—will not enable you to administer properly the duties of bank manager, assistant to the manager, or executive assistant. You must be familiar with the technique of banking, finance, adver-

tising, commerce, accounting, credits and collections, and other subjects closely related to the banking business. And so to you, who are bank teller, I say go to your library and turn to. Read, in addition, all the magazines and publications dealing with banking and allied fields. The days when all a man had to do in a responsible position was to look wise and say little are gone, never to return. Truly, to earn more, you must learn more.

And to you who have served so faithfully in that Pittsburg plant I say begin to look more *out* and less *in*, more forward and less backward, more up and less down, if you want to be promoted. If there are no foremanship courses given in your plant, find out where such courses are given in your city, and begin to develop your friendship with the library. Change your keyhole point of view to the foreman's way of looking at things. You will reach your true level if you make the proper effort. Your company as well as any other is always on the lookout for foreman material.

I want to ask those who contemplate writing to this department to supply more details, even if the letters are long. It is impossible to give complete and proper answers, furnish the aid sought by correspondents, if the age, complete experience, and education are not given.

### Answers to Readers

**E.B., LISBON, N.H.**—(1) If you will look around you you will find that promotion and higher pay usually go to the worker who does a little more work than the fellow next to him and a little better. (2) Employers are subject to the same economic laws as the men that work for them. If people do not buy they must shut down their plants. To stimulate buying they resort to price-cutting. One of the factors that enter in price-making is cost of labor—your wages. Lower wages mean lower prices, and lower prices get us to the stores. That brings prosperity.

**P.C., PITTSBURGH, PA.**—Brace up, and change your entire attitude. Some of the most eminent men of our country were once in your position. They got where they are now by saying "Yes" to life, and attacking their problems as the ambitious student engaged in the solution of a school problem. Get a list of the concerns engaged in work with which you are familiar, and encouragingly, smilingly, proceed to locate the market for your services. It may not be possible for you to obtain work in which you are experienced. In that event, take any work available. Conditions are improving, and there is no occasion for alarm.

**L.B.C., ASTORIA, ORE.**—Success in any field depends first upon the goal set. If you desire to advance in the banking business from the teller's cage, begin to-day by preparing for the next step higher. Read, and study books on economics, finance, and business. Your possession of the requisite knowledge will be felt in your work. Above all, be friendly, and make all the friends you can. The successful banking man is the man who makes friends of those his bank does business with. The president of the second largest banking institution in America declared the other day that he and his bank owe their respective eminent positions to the friends they made of those they came in contact with.

**V.P., MONT.**—If you like your work, continue. Ignore the fact that you are called "peddler." You should feel encouraged by the success you have attained in so short a time. Your earnings may vary, but remember that even the best salesmen experience "off days." Books on salesmanship will help you. We shall be glad to send you a list.

**E.M., SEATTLE, WASH.**—You are a university graduate, taught school four years, did welfare work, now selling books on commission, and desire to connect as plant welfare worker. From the list of large corporations obtainable at your library select about one hundred, and send them each a letter of application. Shortly will appear a discussion of this means of approach under "Circular Letters."

## AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL *Nature Studies by W. E. Hill*



*The Sick Man of the West tips the wink to—*

### THE SICK MAN OF THE WEST

THE sanctioning of real beer "for medicinal purposes" may lead to a plague of trifling ailments, of slight indispositions, in the United States. If memory tricks us not, the beer advertisements of pre-prohibition days seldom if ever showed a sick man, but often showed a man who was "run down," and who needed "building up." He was never actually in bed. Clad in a quilted smoking jacket, he was propped in an easy chair, while beside him, shaking a kindly, admonishing finger, sat a doctor with a Vandyk beard. The medicine which this physician invariably prescribed was to be taken with meals in a tall glass; never after meals "in a little water."

If the ruling of Secretary Mellon means that Doctor Malt-hops is returning to active practice, many of his patients, as before, will be men not ill enough to be confined to their beds, but who suffer mildly from a stubborn ailment which yields but slowly to treatment, and who require a lot of medicine. Unlike many invalids, however, this class will not grow despondent because progress is slow. You will never hear one of them sigh: "Oh, gosh, now I've got to have that damned prescription filled again." They will have, as they have always had, the utmost confidence in Doctor Malt-hops, and they will follow his instructions faithfully, fearful only lest they be discharged too soon as cured.

One handicap, just one, confronts them. It may not be possible, certainly it will not be easy, for them to get their prescriptions filled. Once they could get a bottle of light or dark medicine anywhere, any time, but not now. Therefore, it may be necessary for a chronically indisposed man to take a bottle of his medicine with him each morning on leaving home for use at luncheon in the restaurant or hotel grill. But this, if the bag makers are awake to their opportunity, should lead to a sudden and overwhelming demand for neat leather medicine kits, to be carried like brief cases. The action of the Treasury Department may

answer for many of us, six weeks ahead of time, the hard, hard question: what shall we give father for Christmas?

Turkey for long was known as the Sick Man of the East. America may become—is it hope or fear?—the Sick Man of the West.

DESPITE the fact that men with jobs are supposed to be handling them with care, the milk drivers' union comes out periodically with demands for still higher wages. Their slogan seems to be Milk From Contented Milk Drivers.

A NORTH CAROLINA dog saved the life of his mistress by leaping at her skirt when it was all a-fire and tearing it from her body. The dress of young womanhood at the present time suggests that a lot of heroic dogs have been busy saving lives.

"The United States has put its hand to the plow and will not turn back."

—General Wood to the Filipinos.

Which translated into modern speech, means: "We have given the tractor gas, and we shall not reverse."

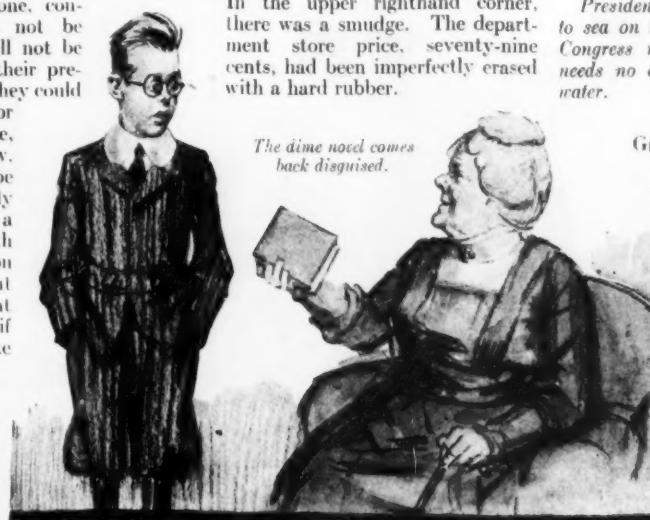
### A HOLIDAY PROPHECY

IT WAS November. The dime novel, bearing scars of recent battle, went tumbling into the paper-and-rubbish bag. "Oh, ho, so you turn me out, do you!" it cried. "Very well, but have a care! I shall return, and when you least expect me."

(The month of December passes.)

It was Christmas morning. The new juvenile, with numerous other gift books, lay upon the library table. It had a beautifully illustrated jacket and beneath it a stiff board cover with the title in near-gold letters. On the fly leaf was written "Willie from Grandma, Christmas, 1921."

In the upper righthand corner, there was a smudge. The department store price, seventy-nine cents, had been imperfectly erased with a hard rubber.



*The dime novel comes back disguised.*



*The Sick Man of the East.*

"Ah! ha!" gloated the book to itself in the stillness of Christmas dawn. "Back again, just as I said I would be. They never suspect me in this disguise."

And, strange as it may seem, they never do. That is why we print this little Christmas piece in November.

FEAR seems to be felt by the Administration lest the Disarmament Conference (beg pardon, our mistake; the Convention for the Limitation of Armaments) be taken too seriously; fear lest it be suspected of idealism, rather than credited with a desire for "something practical." Better, perhaps, to aim at an ideal and then lower the sight to "something practical" than to aim low in the first place and end by merely kicking up a little dust in front of the target.

Golf enthusiasts are becoming very much worried over the condition of British golf.

—London Letter.

It will be time enough for Lloyd George to take it up with the Cabinet when the scarcely less important Irish, Indian and unemployment questions have been settled.

President Harding made many trips to sea on the Mayflower last season, but Congress repeatedly demonstrates that it needs no official yacht to get it in deep water.

Groups of women, influenced by the high prices, stormed the shops.

—A Cable from Vienna.

Over here, low prices influence them to storm the shops. Woman is still "uncertain, coy and hard to please."

Ever notice how political berths differ from sleeping-car berths? So far as we have been able to discover nobody objects to an upper berth in politics.

# MEN AMERICA DELIGHTS TO WELCOME

*Snapshots of the Distinguished Visitors Who Were Invited to Visit This Country by The American Legion*



*A close-up of General Diaz.*



*General Armando Diaz (left), Italy's greatest soldier; Admiral Lord Beatty, England's famous naval leader; and General Baron Jacques, Belgium's representative in Washington.*



*General Baron Jacques salutes the Statue of Liberty.*

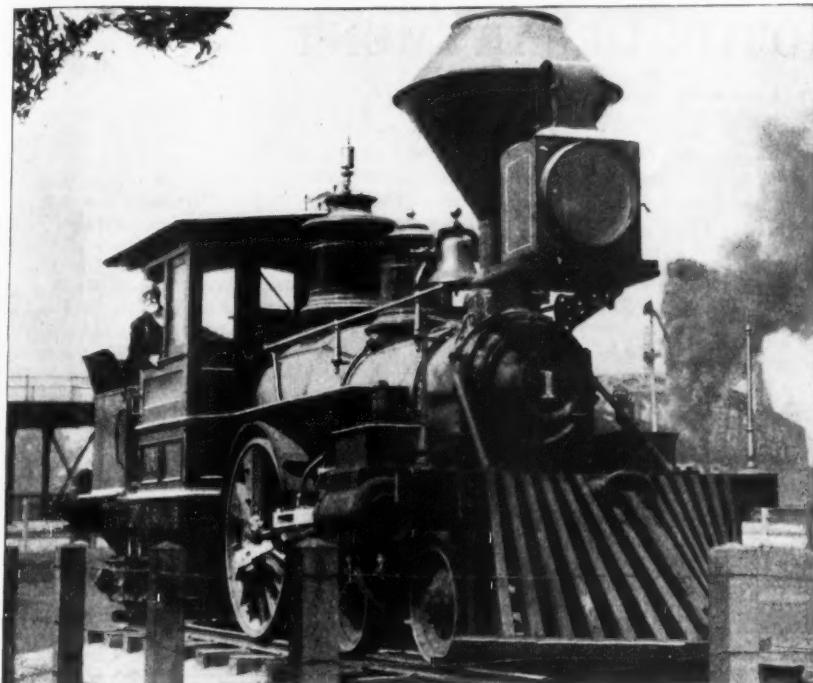


PHOTOS © UNDERWOOD

*Admiral Lord Beatty, Baron of the North Sea and of Brookby, rides through New York's cheering millions with Lady Beatty. Lady Beatty was Ethel Field, the eldest daughter of Marshal Field.*

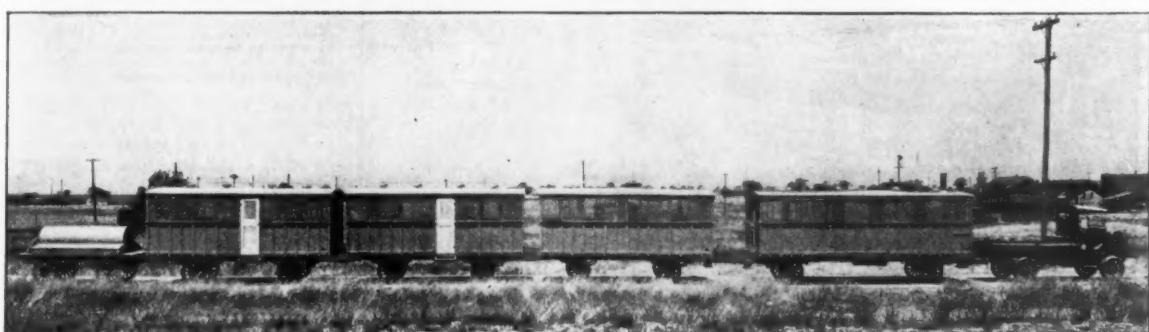


*Generalissimo Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France, Commander of the Allied Armies, and hero of the Marne. His welcome during his journey to and from Kansas City was a most enthusiastic one.*



## CAMERA SHOTS FROM HERE AND THERE

*Fred Lonergan was the pilot of the first engine to run regularly out of Sacramento, Cal., on the Southern Pacific line. To-day he is a wealthy locomotive engine builder. The other day he returned to Sacramento for a visit, and the first thing he did was to climb up and take command of the engine (1863 model) which he used to run. He plans to return to the California capital in May, 1922, when, during the celebration of the "Days of '49," he will again pilot his engine up and down the streets of the city. He is eighty-five years old.*



L. S. COVINGTON  
Two years ago, Tom Bailey, of Rockingham, N. C., was confronted with the baffling problem of naming his twins. He wanted something original—and at the same time artistic. A brand of flour, popular in the community, finally gave him an inspiration. To-day "City Belle" Bailey (the girl) and "Self Rising" Bailey are famous in the land of the Tar Heel.

*Have you ever seen a "train" like this? Probably not. Out on the California coast the Pacific Telephone Company uses it in construction work. Utility trailers, sleepers, dining cars, and office and a water tank are carried, and no conveniences are lacking.*



THREE PHOTOS KEYSTONE  
Daredevils, here's a new stunt for you to practice! It was the feature of a recent motorcycle race at Copenhagen, Denmark. It is guaranteed to produce thrills for the most blasé.

# MOTOR DEPARTMENT

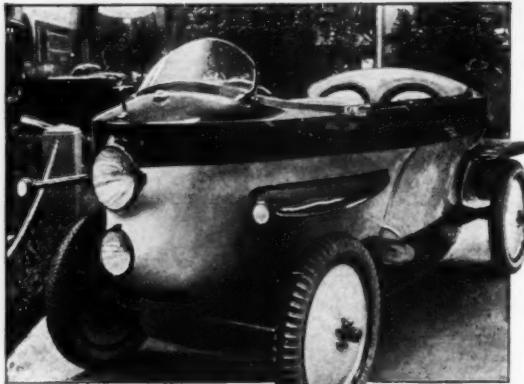
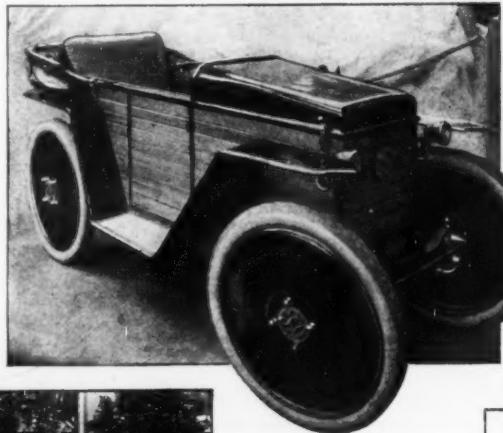
Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M. E.

THE modern automobile is probably one of the most marvelous pieces of mechanism in well-nigh universal use which science has yet produced. But as a utility it cannot serve its full purpose unless the manufacturers receive the co-operation of users—and it is indeed to the user's vital interest that he follow the manufacturers' attempts to induce him to obtain the most and best service possible out of this modern transportation machine.

Adequate lubrication, of course, tells the story of long and serviceable life. A lubricant is a thin film introduced between moving surfaces to reduce friction and carry away

Readers desiring information about motorcars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43d Street, New York. We are glad to answer inquiries free of charge.

## GETTING LONGER LIFE FROM YOUR CAR



heat. The entire care of a car and engine, whether it be under hot or cold weather operating conditions and no matter what the service, is dependent ultimately on the efficiency of this lubrication.

It may seem a peculiar anomaly that, whereas lubrication is most needed between surfaces subjected to a high degree of heat, the most serious obstacle to adequate lubrication of the modern car lies in cold weather operation. The reason for this is simple, however, for modern cooling design provides for the radiation of excess heat by efficient means even in our hottest summer weather. Cold weather operation, however, requires the use of a very rich mixture in order to obtain a sufficient vaporization of the present-day low grades of gasoline. Only a portion of the gasoline admitted to the cylinders is vaporized, however, and turned into useful work when the engine is cold. The remainder recondenses or remains in a liquid form and serves to wash the lubricant down from the cylinder walls and eventually reaches the oil in the bottom of the crank case.

This crank case dilution is the reason for the rapid wear of the majority of cars. It is obviously more serious in cold weather than in warm weather, but it ex-

A LITTLE freak model that caused much comment at the Berlin Automobile Show, held recently. Note the wood.

NOT only the strange design of this car, but the fact that its motor is in the rear, made it one of the sensations of the Berlin exhibit.

ists to a greater or less extent in all climates and temperatures and in all internal combustion power plants. It is obvious, therefore, that motor car manufacturers do not impose an unnecessary burden on the motorist when they urge him to drain his crank case oil every 500 miles and fill the crank case with fresh lubricant. The oil in the crank case is conveyed to those parts of the engine which are subjected to the greatest friction, the most severe wear and the highest degree of heat. It should, therefore, be of ample body and possess maximum lubricating qualities.

Gasoline is an enemy of lubrication. It unites with the oil, thins it and will dissolve its most essential lubricating qualities. Furthermore, when subjected to high degrees of heat, present day gasoline will form carbon particles which will be washed down with succeeding supplies and will reach the crank case in the form of a hard grit. This is so fine that it will be passed through the strainer and will be pumped to the various parts of the engine to be lubricated. It is an excellent abrasive and bearing grinder and therefore produces a reason for the frequent change of crank case oil.

It is not sufficient for the owner to test the oil in the crank case and endeavor to

determine for himself its lubricating qualities. Fresh oil may be seriously diluted in one day of operation with too rich a mixture or with the carburetor choke closed. Therefore, if

the car is used in cold weather for short trips during which the engine must be started from cold frequently, the oil may need to be changed every 200 miles. On the other hand, if the car is used on long trips, during which the engine can become thoroughly warm and operated on a lean mixture, 500 or 600 miles may represent the service that it is safe to expect from a crank case full of oil.

After the oil is drained from the crank case, it is well to replace the drain plug, put in a few quarts of clean kerosene and run the engine a few seconds with the

### DO YOU KNOW:

1. What is the meaning of a "90-degree V" and "60-degree V" engine?
2. What is a fabric universal joint?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT.

1. Why have 103 cubic inches and 122 cubic inches been chosen as the limit of piston displacement or engine sizes of the racers entered in the Indianapolis and other speedway contests?

The piston displacement of an engine is the measure of its gas-burning capacity; that is, it is the volume of mixture which can be sucked or forced into all of the cylinders during the descent of the pistons. The metric system of the measure of volume places the liter as the unit. A liter is equal approximately to 61 cubic inches. Therefore, an engine of 103 cubic inches is the same as one of three liter displacement, while the 122 cubic inch engine is the same as one of two liter capacity.

2. What is the principle of the Anzani engine?

This type of engine employs the overhead valve mechanism on a special rocker arm fulcrum which gives two points of leverage. The one is of longer leverage, providing for quick and maximum opening of the valve. The rocker arm then automatically shifts to the shorter fulcrum which provides for a slower and quiet closing. This thus gives the advantage of large valves or dual valves without the noise or complication of such construction.

starter, in order that the entire lubricating system may be flushed thoroughly. When this kerosene is in turn drained from the crank case it will be found to be black from the particles of carbon and will thus give visible evidence of the service it has performed in cleaning the crank case.

The oil which has been drained from the crank case may appear to contain sufficient lubricating qualities for ordinary purposes. Probably it can be used as a thinner oil on the lawn mower, but its service as a car lubricant will have been destroyed unless an oil reclaiming station has been installed in your territory. Through the application of heat, filtering processes and certain chemicals, the oil drained from the crank case may be restored to its full lubricating value, but such reclaiming stations have not as yet been universally installed. It is far better

(Concluded on page 753)

## Don't Give Up the Airship—(Continued from page 737)

horse power, and a speed of only eighteen knots. But she had a characteristic which has been one of the most consistent features of German rigid airship design, and that was the number of her subdivisions, for she carried seventeen balloons. The Germans have never had less than fourteen balloons in any Zeppelin they have ever built, and, while Dr. Schutte started with eleven in his first rigid, he went to fifteen in the second and now uses twenty. This makes for strength of frame, greater controllability of buoyancy gas, and reduces gyroscopic strains when maneuvering in flight. All these features give definite factors of safety. The Germans had the right dope from the beginning.

Quick to see the military and naval advantages of rigid airships, the Imperial Government took over fifteen of the next twenty-four which were built, leaving ten for commercial companies to use on passenger lines. These commercial lines stretched the length and breadth of the Empire. At the beginning of the Great War, regular airship lines in Germany covered routes between Hamburg, Potsdam, Leipzig, Gotha, Dresden, Munich, Bremen, Emden, Dusseldorf, Brunswick, Frankfort-on-Main, Stuttgart, Baden-Baden, and Friedrichshafen. These airship lines were not jokes. Seats were sold for months in advance of sailings. Complete data covering the four rigid airships: *Schaben*, *Viktoria Luise*, *Hansa*, and *Sachsen* of the Hamburg-Amerika Line's subsidiary "D.E.L.A.G.," for the period 1910-12, show the tremendous popularity of airship travel in Germany. The four ships made 761 flights, remaining in the air 1,713 hours, carrying 13,917 passengers, and covering a total of 95,848 miles; and this without a mishap; not a soul was injured.

Even a little Parseval non-rigid airship, the *PL-6*, named the *Stollwerck* of 300,000 cubic feet gas capacity, from June, 1910, to June, 1912, was in regular passenger service on a line from Munich to Lucerne, carrying in one year over 2,000 passengers, making a total mileage of 15,000 miles in 540 hours of flight, and all this was done in two hundred trips.

From 1900 to the present time, one hundred and thirty-six rigid airships have been constructed in Germany. Of these, one hundred and fifteen were Zeppelins and twenty-one were of the Schutte-Lanz type. In addition, six Zeppelins and one Schutte-Lanz ship were under construction at the time of the Armistice. They were not completed, however, work on them being cancelled by the Government.

Since the Armistice, two rigid airships have been built for passenger service, the *Bodensee* and the *Nordstern*, the *Bodensee* having been run for several months on a commercial line from Friedrichshafen to Copenhagen via Berlin. Both ships

are now in the hands of the Allies, having been given up by Germany in accordance with reparation agreements.

Military and naval critics have harped upon the vulnerability of rigid airships in war because of the loss of eighty-three German aircraft of that type in fifty-two months of the hardest fought war of all time. How about the vulnerability of surface ships? During the same (fifty-two months) more than 13,000,000 tons of merchant surface vessels, costing over \$8,000,000,000 went to the

bottom by enemy action; more than 1,150,000 tons of surface war ships went down in action, while, during the same period, nearly 2,000,000 tons of shipping was lost by the ordinary hazards of the sea. Isn't it six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

The *ZR-2* must not be considered in the same class as Zeppelin airships because the *ZR-2* was not a Zeppelin. She was designed to meet a war necessity. The need for such a ship was brought to the attention of the British authorities by the fact that when Zeppelins were present with the German Fleet at large in the North Sea the British fleet was never able to make contact with it. Twice contact was made with the German Fleet, noticeably at Jutland, but in each instance Zeppelins were not present.

In order to provide airships which could out-maneuver Zeppelins and thus, possibly, rid the North Sea area of German rigid airships, the *ZR-2*, or *R-38*, class was designed. An effort was made to produce a ship with an ability to reach higher altitudes than Zeppelins, of greater speed, carrying more armament, and, of course, with a greater fuel capacity than any German rigid. In raiding England, or in cruising about the North Sea, the Zeppelins, when their fuel supply became low, could always head home with a fair wind, winds in that part of the world generally coming from the West. British rigid airships, on the other hand, after reducing their fuel supply in operations along the coast of Holland, in the Heligoland Bight, or off the North Sea Banks, must fight their way to home bases against head winds. Hence the enormous fuel capacity of the *ZR-2*.

Of the new class of rigid airships, four ships were contemplated. The *ZR-2* was the first vessel of the new class to be placed under construction, the intention being to complete her, give her a series of trials, and modify the other ships if any improvements were found to be necessary during the tests. In order to secure ships so far in advance of performance of Zeppelins it was necessary to make radical departures from the comparatively standardized design of both British and German rigid ships. The *ZR-2* class was made much larger, with greatly increased diameter, and every ounce of weight which could possibly be eliminated was taken out of her structure. To do this it was necessary to reduce the number of gas bag compartments, thereby lengthening the longitudinal frame members and increasing the size of the balloons, or gas bags, far beyond anything before attempted. This made bracing difficult. In fact, war being risky business, risks were taken in the design of the *ZR-2* class and factors of safety were reduced to a minimum. Military craft justify risks. It was never contemplated that the *ZR-2* would be a commercial airship. Therefore, she cannot be compared, even by way of argument, with freight and passenger carrying craft; she was purely a war emergency ship.

During her early trials the *ZR-2*, at her critical speed, fifty miles an hour, showed a tendency to buckle. She was stripped down and reinforced and on her last trial she had completed successfully all of her contract requirements as to speed and maneuverability, and up until it was decided to return to Howden, after thirty-six hours in the air, she was apparently a success. Then, she was turned over to the National Physical Laboratory Engineers for extreme tests of her controls at her critical speed. This was done because of certain derogatory press reports which hinted that the

### IN MEMORIAM

The Late Officers and Enlisted Men of *ZR-2*

By P. G. N. OMMANNEY  
One-Time British Commander of This Ship

*SO IT has been: must ever be,  
On land and river, rock and sea,  
That for an ideal men will dare  
And the uttermost sacrifice make,  
Nor care.*

\* \* \* \* \*

We have shown you all the pathway,  
We have pointed out the roadway,  
Carry on and follow after

With the job which we began;  
Oh, we dreamed and cared so greatly  
While the old world watched, and stately  
Rose our ships, our dreams the airships,  
An' we loved them to a man.

Now the long slow tides pass creeping  
Over us, and we lie sleeping,  
Burnt and twisted 'neath the wreckage

Where the sunk gondolas lie;  
Ah! and Youth and Life seem dearer  
At the end when, all things clearer,  
The dead past calls: the lost years smile,  
And Death stands starkly by.

It is always hard beginning,  
And so little for the winning  
But much toil and disillusion,  
For the pioneers must pay.  
But we ask by what we've given  
And by all we're tried and striven  
That you'll carry on our dreams—

The ships—now we have passed away.

bottom by enemy action; more than 1,150,000 tons of surface war ships went down in action, while, during the same period, nearly 2,000,000 tons of shipping was lost by the ordinary hazards of the sea. Isn't it six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

The *ZR-2* must not be considered in the same class as Zeppelin airships because the *ZR-2* was not a Zeppelin. She was designed to meet a war necessity. The need for such a ship was brought to the attention of the British authorities by the fact that when Zeppelins were present with the German Fleet at large in the North Sea the British fleet was never able to make contact with it. Twice contact was made with the German Fleet, noticeably at Jutland, but in

(Continued on page 752)

## Death and Desolation—(Concluded from page 726)

to have driven the thousands of wretched relics of humanity that had flocked into the railway center in the hope of finding food, or of getting away to somewhere where food could be had. All around the Schoragul plain I went from village to village—and always it was the same story: the pathetic, half-underground dwellings of these people, where man and beast alike lived in meticulous cleanliness and the frank simplicity of very old races, were destroyed. The roof beams, hewn logs for the most part, almost impossible to replace in a country where no tree is seen in days of travel, had been burned. Where communes possessed, as frequently they did, a modern American or Swedish plow, harrow or reaper for the common use—the machine was left, but the axle was carried away or some essential pin or bolt smashed into uselessness. And not a beast of burden, an ox to pull a plow or an ass to carry grain or a cow to give milk for the babies who seem to be born every few minutes in this prolific land. The country is stripped clean.

And as I made my way around among the villages, toward the north of Alexandropol, I came at last to a little cluster of them at the foot and on the slopes of Shti Tapa, some twenty-five versts northeast of Alexandropol on the Karakliss main road. About two miles from Akh-Boolag I stopped a peasant on the road and asked if the Turks had been in that part of the valley, too.

"Come with me," he said. And he led me to a bridge over what would be a mountain torrent in the winter, running out of a gorge called Madjloom Djoor. "Siptak zoor" (White Spring creek), he said pointing to the creek, and his finger picked out here and there, on the dry white stones of the bed of the stream, strange looking objects. They seemed to be garments—women's garments—skirts, shawls, here and there a shoe or a belt, all clinging to the rocks as if the water had left them there when the creek dried up under the summer sun. I climbed down into the bed of the creek, but the peasant dragged me on up the ravine.

About 200 yards farther, I suddenly came upon a human skull. Then another. Then a skeleton, all lying stretched out, complete. Half way up the gravel bank, a shin bone stuck out, with a shoe and stocking still on the end of it. The bed of the stream was dotted with bones.

Basil Soorp Neshanian, my guide said his name was, of Akh-Boolag, took me up on the bank which, for about 100 yards, was broad and flat, some thirty feet above the bottom of the stream. Here there were scores of graves, weighted down with stones to keep out marauding animals. And from that height one could look up and down the stream where skulls were sown like the stones in the bed of the stream, and skeletons lay

higgledy-piggledy among the fading remnants of what was once clothing. On this height above the stream, I stooped down and picked up an empty rifle cartridge. It bore the Turkish date of 1332, and the inscription, Mauser, and the star and crescent. There were such shells all about this high ground.

I asked Basil to tell me about it. Here it is or as much of it as I can tell for publication, for some of the details are not printable:

It was late in October when the Turks came to this district, Basil said, or early in November. At first they only took everything away—cattle, grain, kitchen utensils, farming implements, everything.

were left—the men who had been away when the thing had taken place, or who had hidden or fled, and so escaped. They all told me the same story, both as to the women and the men.

A little way from Djadjool station, on the Alexandropol-Tiflis railway, in another similar ravine, Moerati Djoor, near the village of Akh-Kilissa, there was another such collection of skeletons and graves—only this time of men. Here Aram Baloyantz told the story—how between 1,000 and 1,500 men from the villages of Akh-Kilissa, Arakhvali, Darbant and Karabon were taken out by the Turks of an artillery regiment stationed near the railway, bound together in batches, and bayoneted. Many of the corpses had thirty bayonet wounds when they were found in the spring, Aram said. And Arshaloois Arpikian, the station master at Djadjool, and Saribek Rafaeloff, the track repair man, confirmed the story.

As I walked back to the road through the high grass, I stumbled on something. It was the torso and one thigh of one of those who had been buried too shallowly.

And that's that.

Back in Alexandropol again, one day I came upon the dead wagon, making its sinister rounds, and followed it to the plot beyond the railway tracks where every grave is a trench that holds the day's toll of those who have died of hunger, of cholera, of exposure, of despair. The morning's load that day was only nine.

"Not much business to-day!" grinned the driver. "Weather's too fine. Wait till it turns cold." A genial soul, going about his ghastly task with a certain cheer, as why not? He piled them in the trench, one atop the other, old women, bearded old men, little girls, babies—all who were too weak, too undernourished to survive.

"They make a fine harvest for us grave-diggers, the Turks," he went on. "Wherever they go, they leave death behind them."

They make a fine harvest for the grave-diggers, the Turks.

And that's that.

(After gathering the startling data incorporated in the above article, Mr. Hibben, acting as Secretary for the Russian Commission of the Near East Relief, covered more than 5,000 miles in European Russia. In the region which he traversed (along the Volga River) it is estimated that 3,000,000 men, women and children are doomed to die of starvation during the next six months. What he learned while going from Kazan to Astrakhan will form the basis of another article, which will appear in LESLIE'S in the near future.)



The village of Akh-Kilissa, seen from Moerati Djoor. It is typical of scores of small settlements in the vicinity.

Aug-947 500

# UNCLE SAM'S PAY ROLL

*How the President and His 600,000 Fellow Employees Are Paid Almost \$700,000,000 Annually*

By OSWALD F. SCHUETTE

**P**AY DAY comes once a month at the White House. The other employees of Uncle Sam who work in Washington draw their pay twice a month. The President, apparently, is able to get along with one pay day each month. Outside of Washington, the monthly pay day is the rule for Uncle Sam's employees.

How is the President paid? That is always an interesting question, for the President heads the biggest pay roll in the world. His fellow employees number some 600,000. On August 1, 1921, the exact total was 614,795, but since then there have been many "separations" from the government pay rolls. There have been no great decreases and it is estimated that the total is still near the 600,000 mark. The advance estimates for the year's pay rolls put the total allowance for salaries and wages at \$695,250,185. Here, too, there have been some revisions but the total promises to remain nearer \$700,000,000 than \$600,000,000 for the current fiscal year.

Now for the routine of President Harding's pay day. On the fifth day of each month—the President went to work at noon March 4, 1921—a messenger from the Treasury Department brings a Treasury warrant to the Executive offices and leaves it there for the President. It calls for \$6,250, one-twelfth of the President's annual salary of \$75,000. This warrant reads as follows:

Miscellaneous Settlement No. 8709  
Warrant

UNITED STATES  
TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Washington, D. C.,  
Nov. 4, 1921.

To the TREASURER of  
The United States

Pay to . . . WARREN G. HARDING . . . or order,  
Six Thousand Two Hundred Fifty and no/100  
DOLLARS . . . \$6250.00/100

ANDREW W. MELLON, Secretary  
By M. J. O'Reilly,

J. R. McCARL, Comptroller General,  
By C. E. Bronson.

The Treasurer of the United  
States, Washington, D. C.,  
will pay this warrant.

FRANK J. F. THIEL,  
Deputy Assistant Treasurer.

On the reverse side of this government check, appears the legend:

The indorsement of this Warrant must be technically and legally perfect and written in ink or indelible pencil, or the officer on whom it is drawn will refuse payment thereof.

Indorsements by mark (X) must be certified to by two witnesses, giving their places of residence.

## Estimated Salary Totals of the Various Branches of the Government

Legislative (Congress) . . . . .	\$7,423,173
Executive (The White House) . . . . .	177,880
Department of State . . . . .	7,877,325
Department of the Treasury . . . . .	81,502,758
Department of War . . . . .	90,235,887
Department of Justice . . . . .	10,969,111
Post Office Department . . . . .	273,120,265
Department of the Navy . . . . .	101,286,001
Department of the Interior . . . . .	36,746,256
Department of Agriculture . . . . .	24,850,961
Department of Commerce . . . . .	17,790,496
Department of Labor . . . . .	5,610,619
Other establishments . . . . .	47,659,453
Total . . . . .	\$695,250,188

enger thereupon distributes them to the bureau employees. Each of the latter must sign the pay roll before he receives his envelope.

Technically, this is the routine for every employee in Washington from the Chief Justice and the Cabinet Members down to the watchmen who guard the corridors of the Treasury building. As a matter of fact, however, the Cabinet Officials, Supreme Court Judges, and some of the bureau chiefs have their "wages" assigned directly to the banks with which they do business and the disbursing officers of their departments make the deposits directly in their names.

Approximately, 68,000 employees of the Government—and this, of course, includes the President—are paid in the District of Columbia where they work. But far the larger total of our employees labor outside Washington. Approximately, 540,000 are "field employees." The largest number of the latter is credited to the Post Office Department for Postmaster General Hays's mail clerks and letter carriers aggregate something like 300,000.

The pay roll for these "field" employees is distributed chiefly by mail. Most of these workers receive monthly checks signed by the disbursing officers of their departments and drawn against the Treasurer of the United States. These checks are as good as gold and can be cashed at once in any bank.

A lot of Uncle Sam's workmen labor abroad in civilized and uncivilized lands, sometimes in places which are very far removed from civilization. These men cannot be reached by mail; they cannot depend on monthly contributions from a base that is 10,000 miles away.

So Uncle Sam has a special device by which these men can be paid promptly and properly. It is a simple one. The head of the department whom such an expert represents signs a formal order constituting this individual as a "Temporary Special Disbursing Agent" and then assigns to this agent a "credit" on the Treasurer of the United States for a sum that will equal salary and expenses for a period of six months or so.

Before he can cash this credit, however, the agent must sign a bond for from two to five times the amount of cash which he is taking with him to the wilderness. Sometimes, he leaves the money in the Treasury and pays himself by checks, which he cashes at banks that are near his zone of operations.

Upon the return to the United States the agent must make a complete settlement both with the Treasurer of the United States, and with his department head, before the bond is cancelled and his financial transaction with the Government has been closed.

## Our Sad and Beerful Neighbor—(Concluded from page 728)

voted to go wet, but abolish the saloon. You can buy any sort of wine, beer, ale or liquor in British Columbia to-day, but you can't drink a drop of it in public.

The scheme there is a good deal different than the one in operation in Montreal. In British Columbia you go to a liquor commission store and buy a personal license. Every man is his own saloon-keeper so to speak. For \$5 the resident gets a license good for one year, and by showing it at any liquor commission store he can get two quarts of liquor or a case of beer at a time. For 50 cents the resident may buy a license good only for one purchase. Aliens—Americans and others—are supposed to pay \$5 for a single purchase license. But the clerks at the liquor commission stores are lenient, credulous men who ask no questions when the American visitor says: "I'm a Canadian. I live at Oopto-ump Jones Street."

It is no trouble for anyone in British Columbia to buy enough liquor on which to get drunk. But here's a tip: If you get drunk in British Columbia, do it in your own room and then stay in your room until you are sober. It will save your time and your reputation. For while the Government of British Columbia furnishes the opportunity for any one to get drunk, it also provides a penalty for any one who takes advantage of the opportunity and then exhibits his accomplishment in public. If you are caught drunk on the street you get three months in jail. The entire business is in the hands of the Government, and returns the province an average net profit of \$25,000 a day.

The people of British Columbia want

liquor without saloons. They have it. The people of the prairie provinces don't want liquor or saloons. They have neither. There is bootlegging of course, as there always will be in dry territory, but no open liquor traffic. The people of Quebec want wines and beers sold in public and the privilege of buying hard liquor for use in homes and clubs. They have what they want. The people of the maritime provinces want to be bone dry, and they are. Canada has nine provinces and all but two of them are bone dry. The seven provinces that want to be dry are as dry as law can make them. The two provinces that want to be wet are as wet as they want to be.

And in this respect I think Canada has it on the United States. Quebec is no more like Manitoba than New York is like Iowa, and New York is no more like Iowa than New Jersey is like England. Many of our Middle Western and some Pacific and Atlantic States were dry by referendum before national prohibition went into effect, and probably would vote dry if another referendum were taken. But New York and California, which most nearly correspond to Quebec and British Columbia, would undoubtedly vote wet if given the opportunity. They are not given the opportunity while Quebec and British Columbia were. Perhaps the people of New York and California are better off as they are, but they are not quite as well satisfied as the people of Quebec and British Columbia.

You can write your own ticket as to whether the bone dry people of the prairie and maritime provinces are better morally and economically than the wets of

Quebec and British Columbia, or vice versa. I know of no way of determining this. There are statistics available of course, and they do not mean a tinker's traditional choice of profanity! You can find that while British Columbia was dry, there were many arrests for this; and that since it went wet, there are so many more or less. That may have nothing at all to do with the liquor question. Local and world economic conditions bear too directly on those statistics to make them of value in judging the effect of liquor laws. The countries of the world and their ways are changing so rapidly in this after-the-war period of reconstruction that only a fanatic or a propagandist can point to a certain element in the life of a people and say with honest conviction: "This is the cause of that." I have no glimmer of an idea as to whether the people of the wet provinces of Canada are better or worse off than the people of the dry provinces. I'll give you a little tip on that: No one else has any glimmer of an idea as to which is and which is not. The pro-prohibitionist will tell you what he thinks, which is not important because what he thinks is what he wants to think. The pro-wet will give you his side of the story which is unimportant for the same reason. There is only one person who can give any definite worth-while testimony on the subject. He is not ready to talk yet, but he will be ultimately, and when he speaks his words will be heavy with authority. He is a lean, lank, bald-headed, long-whiskered old coot who wears a garment resembling an old-fashioned night shirt, and carries a scythe for a walking stick. His name is Old Father Time.

## Liars—(Concluded from page 735)

boy—too mellow to have violent prejudices; interested in telling the truth for truth's sake.

I observed, a few paragraphs back, that women are more likely to lie than men—*everything else being equal*. But everything else is not equal. Men are more obliged than women to enter into barter and trade, and deal with their fellows where there is something at stake. They are constantly getting themselves into situations where they may conceivably be tempted to lie rather than lose either money or business prestige. Anything that a man has to say must be considered somewhat with reference to his business or political prejudices. When you are depending upon a man for information of vital importance to you, it is well to consider just how great are his temptations to lie.

A common type is the optimistic liar, who declares that the thing is true which he hopes is true and thinks ought to be. Because he lies without malice, and indeed, without even realizing that he is lying, but through the firm conviction that every goose is a swan, it is easy to be misled by this type. Many real estate operators are born optimists and make glowing prophecies about the future of property in which they are interested. They mean to be truthful, but fail to distinguish between fact and expectation.

It is astonishing how often people lie

just to save time and conversation. You ask a man if he will serve as chairman of this or that committee next April, and he replies that he will, knowing all the while that he doesn't intend to do any such thing, but hopes for some later happening to make it easy for him to get out of it. My friend, Keegan, will agree to anything that he is asked to do. Suggest to him that he join a party on a trip to the North Pole next Tuesday and he will say: "Sure, I'll go. Where'll I meet you?" He would rather tell lie, and then forget all about the appointment later, than take time to explain just why it isn't convenient for him to go to the Pole.

Much lying is due to vanity. It is a fact, well known to lawyers, that a witness will nearly always try to shape his facts to help his side—the side that called him. He is flattered to have been called and does not wish to prove unworthy of the confidence placed in him by the side which thought that his testimony would be useful. Now the motive back of the man who lies in court is somewhat similar to that which makes a man exaggerate a story in order to be entertaining. He feels that since his hostess has done him the honor of inviting him to dinner, or, inasmuch as the crowd he is in expects him to interest them, he'd better do it even if he has to go a bit beyond the realms of mere truth.

It is well to remember that when a man

tells a lie and fools you, it is because you failed to ask the right questions with which to explode his story. These questions do not need to be asked in the form of a cross-examination, but perhaps in casual conversation. For example, suppose that a man says he took a train from New York on a certain day and went to Boston. You ask him, in a tone of polite interest, what time he left New York, and how long it took the train to reach Boston. If he only recently made the trip, he should be able to answer, readily, just about what time his train started and arrived. But if he hasn't been to Boston he may have only the haziest notion about the schedule of the train he says he took. No matter what the circumstance, there is always some prop necessary to support his story that the liar failed to think about. If your question pulls away that prop, the liar is lost. Credit men in retail stores often catch a dishonest customer in a lie by asking suddenly for the customer's telephone number. If the customer cannot supply the number readily and naturally, the chances are that he isn't living where he says he is.

I once heard Woodrow Wilson remark that he often learned the true facts about a situation by talking to liars. "If I talk to enough to them," he said, "there will be certain points on which they all agree. Then I know that those details are probably true."





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## LESLIE'S INVESTMENT BUREAU

Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and in emergencies to answer by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43rd St., New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.

OPTIMISTIC observers are rendering good service by pointing out, from time to time, signs of improvement in general business. Many of these indications are undoubtedly of slight import and unconvincing, and there can be no assurance as yet that all the remainder are of worth and weight. They may not record a lasting condition. There may be such a thing as "turning the corner" for the time being only and later a falling back and a loss of progress. Such has too frequently been the case with prices in the stock market, and the latter is supposed to reflect the state of business some months in advance. It may well be that vacillation will characterize the activities of the industrial and commercial world for months to come.

But then it is something that betterment shows itself at all, even if transiently. There is encouragement in watching the rush of wavelets up the business beach. Even if they speedily ebb and retire others succeed them, and the play of waters continues. The tide exhibits a tendency to come in, and that is the main point. Whatever fluctuations may occur, at least a faint trend upward is discernible. The full flood may be distant, but it can be calculated on and surely foretold. Too many enterprises are holding their own in the midst of depression to doubt the fundamental soundness of the situation. Others are even achieving profits, and some make the inspiring report that they are doing better than ever before, creating new records and excelling the triumphs of more favorable years. Results like these are not of negligible value; they have deep-seated significance. They are symptoms of business convalescence, not of relapse. On the whole, a mood of moderate hopefulness is justified at this time, in spite of the existing stagnation in numerous lines of production. The trade train has started slowly, but apparently in the right direction.

The view that the United States cannot prosper until Europe thoroughly settles down and our foreign commerce is fully restored may have been over-worked. Too much insistence on it may have had a bad psychological effect. European poverty and unrest have undoubtedly reacted badly on the business outlook here. But we have not ceased to export goods to the war-battered countries. The latter have managed somehow to assemble a vast aggregate of gold which they are sending

to us in payment for commodities. The foreign markets are not all we could desire, but they will probably not grow much worse. They may, in fact, improve. Anyhow, they cannot compare in importance to us with our domestic market, whose demands should soon be so urgent as to set all the business wheels in motion again.

The universal buyers' strike would long since have completed its job were not extensive profiteering still in existence. Astounding charges continue to be made against greedy retailers. But profiteering and non-buying are both heading for the discard and will reach their destination in time. Store shelves all over the land are getting emptier. There has already begun in certain sections a considerable amount of replenishment to meet the wants of customers. Storekeepers can now secure supplies at reduced wholesale rates and they should pass the benefit of this on to their patrons. If they do, the home traffic will gradually expand until at length it exceeds its old-time immense aggregate. The 110,000,000 inhabitants of the Union are normally very extensive traders with one another, and the mutual supplying of their needs on the same scale as in times past would alone create an activity in business which would seem, in contrast with present-day dullness, the near-height of prosperity.

Fuller realization of these facts would dispel much of the pessimism still lingering among us. It would dispose business men to be more venturesome than they dare at present to be, and it would put backbone into investors who are hesitating about purchasing securities of merit that may not sell so low again in this generation.

### Answers to Inquiries

**G., SAVANNAH, GA.:** I would on no account advise either man or woman to invest in German marks at this time. Nobody knows how much lower the mark will go, and there are those who predict a crash in Europe, including Germany, of course. Economic conditions in Poland are extremely bad, and Warsaw bonds are only a gamble. Any broker advertising in LESLIE'S can buy speculative bonds for you, but I hope that you will confine your purchases to sound issues.

**R., NEW ROCKFORD, N. DAK.:** In spite of the extensive and productive holdings of the Island Oil Co., its stock must be classed as a long-pull speculation. It pays no dividends and the company's large earnings are handicapped by a too heavy capitalization. Condor Oil is a dividend payer, the company is in excellent condition, increasing its business and having a bright outlook. It would be comparatively safe to invest in its stock.

**S., NEW YORK:** The properties of the East Coast Fisheries Co. and East Coast Fisheries Products Co. were bought at receiver's sale by a new organization, The Deep Sea Fisheries Co. The new owners have adopted a reorganization plan under which one share of Deep Sea Fisheries common stock will be exchanged for every twenty shares of East Coast Fisheries stock. That seems to be all that the East Coast Fisheries stockholders can hope to get.

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**S., AMERICAS, GA.:** The Seaboard Air Line adj. 5 per cent. bonds have (temporarily as I hope) suspended payment of interest, but the interest is cumulative, and will be a charge on the road until it is paid. I do not advise selling your bonds at the present market price. With improvement in the railroad business, which must come some day, the adjustment should recover at least a portion of their loss.

**K., CUBA CITY, WIS.:** American Smelting 5s, Bethlehem Steel 5s, and Southern Railroad 4s are safe investments. M. K. & T. 1st 4s are not so attractive.

The company is in receivers' hands and the payment of interest on the 4s has been very slow. Better buy bonds returns on which are promptly made. Among bonds that make high yields are U. S. of Brazil 8s, Republic of Chile 8s, Denmark 8s, International Mercantile Marine 6s, Sinclair Oil 7 1/2s, U. S. Rubber 7s, Kelly-Springfield 8s.

**S., WILLIAMS, CAL.:** Better buy the stocks of the leading, established, dividend-paying automobile concerns. It would be a long-pull speculation to put your money into Durant Motor stock. The company may some day become successful and a dividend payer, but you can't be sure of that as yet.

**W., COFFEYVILLE, KAN.:** I certainly would not advise a lady of sixty-three, working for her living, to buy the cheap stocks of oil companies, such as you name, which have no standing and are not mentioned in my lists of corporations. A shrewd lady from Texas lately told me that most of the many oil companies incorporated in that State were fakes. If you oil stocks buy the shares of some company like Cosden & Co., Standard Oil of N. J., or Texas Company, all dividend payers.

**S., CROOKSTON, MINN.:** Both Pan American Petroleum, paying 8¢ a year, and Royal Dutch Oil, paying 85.20, are good business men's purchases. Royal Dutch is about to secure control of Union Oil, which should add much to Royal Dutch's possibilities.

**P., OMAHA, NEB.:** The International Education Publishing Co. was hard hit by the Great War, because most of its revenues were derived from business abroad. Earnings in 1920 showed a large increase over those of 1919. In time, when conditions in Europe have reached normal, the company should be in a stronger financial position and the stock should increase in value.

**P., WILLMAR, MINN.:** It is reasonably safe to buy American Steel Foundries stock, Bethlehem Steel 5s, American Steel Spring, Worthington Pump, pfd., and U. S. Industrial Alcohol. General Motors common is a good speculation. All these are paying dividends which at present appear likely to be maintained. American Sumatra Tobacco is not now a dividend payer and the stock is speculation.

**O., LE COMPTÉ, LA.:** I have no statement of the earnings of the Stevens-Duryea Motor Co. It figures out a surplus for itself by omitting the item of 100,000 shares of common stock. The shares are not listed, and I have heretofore told my readers that they were too speculative for a conservative investor. With better times the company may do better.

**S., LOS ANGELES, CAL., AND T., VISALIA, CAL.:** While the common stock of the Southern California Edison Co. is a good business man's investment, I would consider preferred stocks or bonds as better purchases for women than common issues. The Southern California Edison 7 per cent. debenture bonds would be preferable to the common stock, although they are short-term issues. Better than S. C. Edison common would be American Woolen 7 per cent. pfd., or Beth. Steel 8 per cent. pfd., or American Telephone & Telegraph Co. stock paying 9 per cent.

**B., NEW YORK:** Carlisle Tire Corporation stock is the very last purchase for a woman, especially one who works for a living. The company has paid no dividends, it has an exceedingly small surplus and the tire business is, at present, in a depressed state. I advise you not to buy any shares of this concern. Buy some sound dividend-paying stock or interest-paying bond. Many sound securities are selling low.

**Y., HUNTINGTON, VA.:** Every one of the twelve stocks you inquire about is a dividend payer. My preferences would be Atchison, American Car & Foundry, U. S. Steel, Westinghouse, American Woolen, United Fruit and Endicott-Johnson. However, they are all suitable purchases for a business man.

**H., SARANAC LAKE, N.Y.:** International Mercantile Marine common is an unattractive long pull. Mercantile Marine pfd. is still a dividend payer and is one of the most inviting speculations in the market. There are 42 per cent. of arrears of dividends on this stock, which will probably some day be taken care of to the benefit of the holder. I have a very slight opinion of N. Y. O. & W. R.R. stock. The road is not earning much and its small dividend is usually in doubt. Middle States Oil, paying \$1 a year, has speculative possibilities that may develop in time. Chandler Motors, paying \$6, is a fair business man's purchase. Sinclair Oil is undoubtedly a "comer" in the market. It has a future, though not a dividend payer at present.

**C., NEW WINDSOR, ILL.:** Of course, you would get a larger income by selling your Victory Notes and buying Studebaker stock, but the bonds are safer. It would be better to buy Studebaker pfd., Beth. Steel 8 per cent. pfd., or American Wooler pfd.

**M., TROY, N.Y.:** New Haven R.R. stock is almost a hopeless issue. The road's financial troubles are great, and it is impossible to foresee a time when it will again be able to pay dividends. In case of a boom in the stock market, New Haven shares might sell higher, and thus reduce your loss.

NEW YORK, November 19, 1921.

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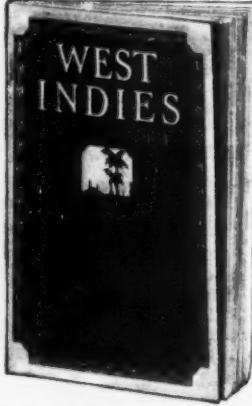
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WRIGHT

**GEORGE W. PEDDYCORD**  
*President of the Bank of Colville, Colville, Wash., who was recently appointed President of the Washington State Bankers' Association. He has been a banker in the Northwest for years.*

**CHARLES SHULER**  
*Of Davenport, Ia., president of the Iowa National Bank. Mr. Shuler is prominent in civic as well as in financial circles of his thriving city. The bank flourishes under his management.*

**DAN NORMAN**  
*Of Chicago, who was sometime ago elected vice-president of the Continental & Commercial National Bank, after thirty years' service. The bank has deposits of \$350,000,000.*

of the oil outlook, with special reference to the earnings of the more active listed stocks such as Sinclair, Middle States, Conden & Co., Island Oil, Oklahoma Prod. & Ref., and Pacific Oil. To all who are interested in oil stocks this pamphlet should be helpful. It may be had gratis by sending to Clarkson & Co. for LW-76.

All persons interested in foreign bonds or exchange will find highly valuable a booklet, "Profits in Foreign Bonds and Exchange," issued by Morton Lachenbruch & Co., 42 Broad Street, New York. It makes clear whatever chances there are of profit in the present depressed condition of foreign currencies and obligations. A copy of this publication may be had by writing to the company for booklet A-109.

Read the *Bache Review* and you will become well posted on the business and financial situation. It has proved of great value to investors and commercial men. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., 42 Broadway, New York.

Puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange, and, therefore, absolutely reliable, are dealt in by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 235 Broadway, New York, who will send to any applicant their descriptive circular L.

Mortgages on Dallas homes, yielding 8 per cent. and complying with State requirements for investment of savings funds, are offered by the Dallas State Bank, Dallas, Tex. Amounts range from \$500 to \$10,000. The bank's Mortgage Investment Department invites correspondence.

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The Russell Securities Corporation, 25 Broadway, New York, has popularized the Liberty Plan of partial payments in the purchase of securities. This plan gives twelve or twenty-four months in which to pay for any active stock or bond listed on any stock exchange and selling at over \$2. Contracts may be made for any number of shares of stock from one up, or any amount of bonds. For complete particulars write to the corporation for booklet B-88.

G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 124 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., well-known distributors of real-estate bonds, offer an opportunity to purchase first mortgage real-estate bonds yielding 8 per cent. on easy terms. Purchasers can begin with \$8 or \$10 and 7 per cent. interest will be allowed on all payments until the bonds are paid for. Miller bonds are based on income-producing buildings, have a first claim on earnings, mature serially and are safeguarded by monthly payments by borrowers. It is impossible to enter here into full description of these securities, but this can be found in a booklet, *Selecting Your Investment*, and the *Story of Lucy Farrar*, both of which will be sent by Miller & Co., to any person on request.

## Don't Give Up the Airship—(Continued from page 745)

British were trying to palm off on America a ship which did not meet the provisions of her contract.

The Physical Laboratory experts, like all good engineers, proceeded to test the *ZR-2* to the limit. The limit was exceeded, and in my opinion the control test which was given the *ZR-2* at the time of her collapse would have destroyed any airship ever built. Her horizontal rudders were thrown hard over and, simultaneously, her vertical control elevators thrown clear up, giving her a twisting and bending test similar to that given a towel when water is wrung out of it by hand.

Unable to stand the strain, the longitudinals of the *ZR-2*'s frame broke, and the ship separated just over her rear propellers. The two sections drifted apart, upbending so that spectators could look up into the black and yawning interiors, and then, gasoline, the terror of all aircraft operations, exploded, tearing the forward section of the ship to bits and setting it on fire.

In the meantime, the after section of the ship, free from sparking electrical wires, or red-hot motors, escaped the gasoline explosion which befell the forward section, and floated to the surface of the Humber in much the same manner as a parachute drops, buoyancy being maintained by several balloonets which still retained hydrogen. In fact, the four men saved from this part of the

*ZR-2* owe their lives to hydrogen. The hydrogen did not explode in the forward section; it burned.

The answer to this whole sad business is not obscure. One step at a time in design beyond standard German practice is enough. We have the fundamental engineering problems solved; refinement of design and the elimination of mechanical "bugs" should be our next move. Methods for valving and handling helium we must develop, for we must replace hydrogen with helium as an added safeguard against fire. Hydrogen in itself is not particularly dangerous, but it does burn, so let's eliminate it. We have the helium supply. Our course is obvious.

Gasoline is the real firebug. We must do away with gasoline as a fuel in airships. That means the use of engines burning heavy oils for fuel. Such engines and fuel will reduce the available lift for passenger and freight carrying. But one hundred passengers carried in safety is better than carrying two hundred at great risk.

Can we build rigid airships in America? Certainly. We are building one now at the Naval Aircraft Factory in Philadelphia. But do not worry, Mr. Taxpayer. She is not a sister ship of the *ZR-2*. She is a ship very much like the *Zeppelin L-49*. The difference will be in essentials other than design. She

(Concluded on page 754)

## Motor Department

(Concluded from page 744)

ter to waste this oil and charge the price of the new supply against repair and overhauling costs which would otherwise surely appear, than to regret the seeming wastefulness of destroying one or two gallons of oil every 400 or 500 miles.

While it is the adequate lubrication of the engine on which the satisfactory operation of the car is most dependent, comfort and efficiency require attention to the other parts of the modern motor car. Universal joints, spring shackles, bearings, steering spindles, tie rods and the like should be attended to by whatever lubrication means is provided. It is not enough that a grease cup should be screwed down or an oil cup filled, however. These parts are exposed to road dust and occasionally the oil or grease passages will become clogged. Furthermore, the fact that an oil or grease cup is filled, is not enough evidence that the necessary portion of the bearing is receiving lubrication. The oil or grease should be forced in or applied by other means until an excess is seen to appear around the opposite end of the bushing. Even the best grease will harden. Sometimes the removal of the oil or grease cup is necessary to clean the passage by means of a nail, heavy wire or other device.

In cold weather grease will harden and oil congeal and the lubricating qualities are correspondingly reduced. It is therefore the height of folly to expect the engine, transmission, differential and other parts of the running gear to perform their full service as soon as the car is started. If the crank case oil is cold it cannot be forced to all parts requiring lubrication; if the grease or heavy oil in the transmission or differential has become chilled, the lubricant will act like so much butter and the gears may cut spaces in the oil without carrying a sufficient amount of the lubricant around to prevent undue wear. The natural heat from the engine should be allowed gradually to warm the oil, grease and other lubricant until they are brought to their proper consistency before attempts at high speed or hill climbing should be made.

It is only by attention to the lubricating details of engine and car that maximum service can be obtained from the modern automobile. The car owner owes it not only to himself, but to the manufacturer who has produced the best product that he knows how to make, to carry out instructions in this regard and to attend conscientiously to those precautions which will make or mar the modern motor car.

LA NUIT

By WHIT BURNETT

*WE CLIMBED up to a high place,  
And far we looked away,  
And saw the world in saffron lace  
At ending of the day.*

*And then a very low wind  
Came up the mountainside,  
And brought the darkness in a cape,  
And tucked the world inside.*

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**Don't Give Up the Airship**

(Concluded from page 752)

will have helium for a lifting medium. And, unless I am "off my trolley," gasoline will be taboo.

Why, then, did we buy the *ZR-2*? If we can build rigid airships, why did we not do so? Why did we go to England, anyway? These are legitimate questions. They are easily answered. We bought the *ZR-2* from England because we could purchase with her the training of airship personnel and, at the same time, get much valuable experience in airship manufacturing processes. England had been successful with her rigid airships; witness the flight of the *R-34* to America, for one example. Her airship personnel was as good as any in the world; they were in greater numbers than even Germany could boast. They could teach us much we needed to know. Dealings with Germany, with whom we were still at war, were out of the question, so we bought from our British allies.

For the future, things are different. We have a lightweight metal even stronger than duralumin, we have recourse to the best German designs, we have adequate sheds, we have airship mooring masts, we now know the manufacturing processes peculiar to rigid airship construction, we have trained personnel, and, if we wish, we can obtain both talent and ships from our one-time enemy, Germany. Will we do it; will we "carry on?" I am confident that we will.

**"THE GOOD OLD DAYS!"**

By KENNETH LATOUR

THOSE days are over—

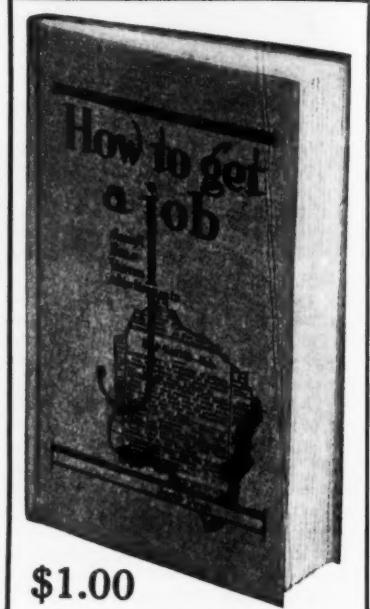
Those days of nagging, drawn uncertainty.—  
Of guessing, as we watched the western sky  
Pale and then deepen into indigo behind the  
winking stars,  
If, at the next sun's setting, we should still be  
there  
To render thanks for one more night of life,  
And one more chance to guess.

Those days are over—  
Days of rocketing about the blue,  
Exploring fearfully among the clouds,  
Roaring with flaming motors down the heavens,  
Hell popping all around,  
And brazen, deadly gnats flocking in angry  
swarms  
Along our wake!

We have outlived those days!  
And, looking back, already we forget—  
So quickly Time has dropped the magic veil  
of distance

Across our eyes, that seek the haunting past—  
The waiting horror, deadly fear, suspense;  
And we are ready, even now, to call those  
hateful times,  
"The good old days!"

"They were the good old days!"  
We have forgot, already, the grisly spectre  
perched astride the cowl,  
The while we dodged the Archies on the  
Marne,  
Or hurtled through the tracers on the Meuse!  
All we remember is the brightness of the upper  
reaches,  
The spacious freedom of the skies,  
The rip and tingle of the rushing torque,  
And the blissful crooning of the homing motor!  
"Those were the good old days!"



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tomers for each clerk—and  
they didn't have what I wanted  
—darn Christmas anyhow!"

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